Read – HOLLYWOOD UNCENSORED by JIMMIE FIDLER

Radio MIRROR

10¢

JULY

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

8 NEW PAGES OF DAY-BY-DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS

SHIRLEY ROSS

Scoops! Why is Fred Allen through with Radio?
Why is Lanny Ross Quitting Show Boat?



GENEVIEVE: *"Why, Lucy, you're not leaving—the party's just begun."*
LUCY: *"You'd leave, too—I came with one of those 'it'* boys . . . the wrong kind of it . . ."*

* Nothing spoils an evening, breaks up a pleasant association, or loses a friend so quickly as a case of halitosis (*bad breath*). Nothing conquers this condition so quickly as LISTERINE, the quick deodorant.

SHOOT YOUR MAN *at Sunrise*

BY JANE JONES

I DON'T care whether he looks like a Greek god, makes love like an Italian, or writes out a six-figure check for his income tax,—I say, shoot him at sunrise —or even earlier—if his breath is objectionable.

Too long have men gotten away with the idea that women should be grateful for their mere presence, without any consideration of what kind of presence it is.

In my opinion, a man whose breath isn't what it should be, is nothing short of a Grade A bore and nuisance . . . and should be so informed as adroitly as possible.

How to do it is a problem. After all, the subject *is* delicate. If hints do not work . . . if the power of suggestion flops miserably . . . you can, as a final resort, send him a Listerine ad—of course withholding your name.

Perhaps because of the heinousness of his offense, anonymity is justified. If after all this he still doesn't take the hint, dust off your revolver.

I know any number of women who feel as strongly about bad breath as I do and who, by a campaign of clever suggestions, have transformed walking nuisances into really agreeable suitors. A bow to Listerine for its aid in this matter.

BAD BREATH
WORST FAULT OF MOST MEN

There's no doubt about it, men have halitosis (bad breath) far oftener than women. That is only natural. Men smoke more, drink more, go at a faster pace, and are less fastidious than women. Many large concerns, recognizing that bad breath is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life, insist that their employees use Listerine Antiseptic—especially before making important business calls.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and on the teeth (the major cause of breath odors), then overcomes the odors themselves. After you have used it, your mouth feels cleaner, fresher, more wholesome; and your breath is therefore sweeter and purer.

Keep a bottle of Listerine at home and office and use it before social and business engagements as a precaution against offending others needlessly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

checks halitosis



REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

EVEN a magazine has its dreams. Two of those dreams have come true for Radio Mirror. They have come true with two new features beginning in this issue, features created for just one purpose—to double your listening pleasure.

On page 11 of this issue is the Radio Mirror Almanac, eight new pages that place at your finger tips an actual day-to-day record of program listings. Read about what you are listening to, while you listen. Each day in every month will have its own facts, its own small feature story, and last minute news. It couldn't be done in a monthly magazine? Pages 11 to 18 are the answer.

Hollywood, most complex, most dramatic city in the world, has drawn radio into its fascinating grasp. Few understand Hollywood, fewer still have the knowledge, the capability to report its daily occurrences. Radio Mirror could think of just one man for the job of bringing its readers a clear picture, free of distortion, of what goes on backstage of radio in Hollywood. Radio Mirror got that man.

On page 22 you will find "Behind the Hollywood Front" by Jimmie Fidler, an uncensored column written with the same biting and searching honesty that distinguishes his broadcasts every week on NBC, written with the same fearlessness that has won him the respect of Hollywood's biggest stars, and with the same sparkling style of his daily newspaper columns and weekly news-reel features.

Follow "Behind the Hollywood Front" each month as it appears in Radio Mirror if you would know radio in Hollywood.

So we herald two innovations for doubling your listening pleasure—dreams into realities.

Fred R. Sammis

JULY, 1937

Radio MIRROR

VOL. 8 NO. 3

ERNEST V. HEYN, EXECUTIVE EDITOR
FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
BELLE LANDESMAN, ASS'T EDITOR

SPECIAL FEATURES

Radio Mirror Almanac 11
New! Different! 8-page day-by-day program guide

The Month's News Scoops ..... Norton Russell 19
The true, exclusive answers to three important questions

Who Can Tame Grace Moore? ..... Jack Sher 20
A great star makes her greatest confession

Behind The Hollywood Front ..... Jimmie Fidler 22
The first of a daring uncensored series

Rainbow's End ..... Dorothy Ann Blank 24
Beginning—the inspiring career of Don Ameche

Radio—Instrument of Peace ..... Edwin C. Hill 32
The brilliant news commentator makes a startling revelation

Daniel In the Lions' Den ..... Ruth Geri 34
Meet the man who wins all the Lux Theater's secret battles

You Really Ought to Meet Shirley Ross ..... Kirtley Baskette 36
The movies' newest find, radio's newest star

The Strange Way Bob Burns Found His Son ..... Dick Mook 40
From his greatest tragedy has come his greatest happiness

The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep ..... Dan Wheeler 42
The thrilling climax of Phil Baker's life story

Be Yourself! ..... Lynn Burr 44
What is the secret of the National Barn Dance's popularity?

"I'm Not Forgetting" 46
Published for the first time, Don Bestor's theme song

UNUSUAL DEPARTMENTS

Reflections in the Radio Mirror 1
The editor points with pride

What's New? ..... Tony Seymour 4
Follow our newshawk through the studios

Coast-to-Coast Highlights ..... Russ King 6
Where your local favorites star

What Do You Want to Say? 8
Cash in on your criticisms

Personality Close-Ups 38
The stars you've been asking for

Facing The Music ..... Ken Alden 48
News for dance lovers

Beauty's Place in the Sun ..... Joyce Anderson 50
Tanning tips from Hollywood

Cool Off With Cold Cereals ..... Mrs. Margaret Simpson 52
New recipes for summer's dog days

What Do You Want to Know? 58
The Oracle gives you the answers

COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

On Sale June 25



A new career has been launched to threaten a new romance. Now that Jerry Cooper has left New York to star on Hollywood Hotel, what will become of the girl he left behind? Don't miss the dramatic story next month which tells how Jerry is meeting this all-important crisis in his life.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions 3

Galleries
Mary Carlisle 26
Dorothy Lamour 27

Before The Broadcast 28
The photo story of Chicago's famous Aragon Ballroom

When Hollywood Waved Its Magic Wand 30
Frances Langford's amazing success story in pictures

COVER

SHIRLEY ROSS—PAINTED BY TCHETCHET

RADIO MIRROR (Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.). The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted, either wholly or in part either wholly or in part without permission. Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.
Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

PROFESSOR QUIZ'

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(ED. NOTE: *It is new, it's different, it's exciting.* RADIO MIRROR *in this issue introduces radio's newest game, Twenty Questions, written by Professor Quiz, the famous asker of fascinating problems. Tune in his regular weekly broadcasts, heard over the CBS network every Saturday night at 8:00 E.D.S.T., sponsored by Kelvinator Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.*)

1. What famous singer was ordered to lose twenty pounds—and did—before she could start work on her first moving picture?
2. What star is paying for the maintenance of four orphans?
3. The face of what movie star is ideal, experts say, for television?
4. In what play did Frank Parker make his stage debut?
5. What town were Fred and Tom Waring born in?
6. What is the name of Andre Kostelanetz' theme song on his Chesterfield broadcasts?
7. What is the real name of Phil Baker's "Bottle"?
8. Where is Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy now, and what is he doing?
9. Who was the first woman ever to sing over the air?
10. What was Mrs. Lanny Ross' maiden name?
11. How many children has Helen Hayes?
12. Which is the youngest member of Horace Heidt's King Sisters quartet?
13. What well known radio commentator got his start on the air at the age of forty-odd by debating with Socialist Norman Thomas?
14. Who persuaded the editor to fire Floyd Gibbons from his first newspaper job?
15. What radio actor lost his voice and spent several years as a clown in a circus before he recovered it?
16. Why does a radio director put his index finger on the tip of his nose?
17. What historic radio broadcast was recorded by several companies as it came over the air because they knew there would later be a brisk sale of the records?
18. What recent Vallee Variety act caused raised eyebrows and threats of air censorship among some listeners?
19. What radio star's career received a setback by an illfated world cruise?
20. What member of a famous male quartet recently married the youngest member of a former sister team?

(You'll find the answers on page 58)

"What has happened to us, Dear?

"Why are we Drifting Apart?"



How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect — a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness — had made her almost repulsive to him?

IF UNHAPPY COUPLES would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your *own* sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man's love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

Lysol Disinfectant

The fact that "Lysol" disinfectant is used by many doctors, nurses and hospitals—for many exacting antiseptic needs—is your assurance that "Lysol", in the correct solutions, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. There are many other valuable household uses for "Lysol".

•

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full*, dependable strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 7-R. M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

WHAT'S

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR INSIDE INFORMATION ON RADIO'S PASSING SHOW, YOUR SEARCH CAN END ON THESE FACT-FILLED PAGES





Above is handsome Jerry Cooper, the newest Hollywood Hotel star to try and fill the shoes of Dick Powell. Left, Fibber McGee and Molly are in Hollywood now to star in the films.

AFTER weeks of uncertainty, it's been decided that Nelson Eddy will join Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy the dummy, and Werner Janssen's orchestra on the Sunday night Chase and Sanborn show. The date is even set—August 8. And here's the amusing story behind the delay in the negotiations. Nelson liked the program, liked the salary, liked everything about it, except—he had a wistful desire to be the master of ceremonies as well as the singing star. But the sponsors had Don Ameche under contract, and wanted *him* to be the master of ceremonies. Deadlock, conferences, indecision. Finally Nelson philosophically gave in and agreed to join the program as soon as he has taken a short vacation after his concert tour. You never can tell about these singers. Sometimes they're yearning for a master of ceremonies job they can't have; sometimes they're eating their hearts out because they have one they can't get rid of.

* * *

A RADIO comedian's life is a tough one. Week in, week out, he has to be funny. That's not news, but Phil Baker's plan for rescuing the poor comedian is. Phil told me he'd like to arrange with a sponsor to hire two comedians instead of one, and broadcast their shows on alternate weeks. Thus each funnyman would have time to get his breath before buckling down to work on next week's script. The only catch is that the plan, if it were put into practice

NEW?

By TONY SEYMOUR



Above, Fred Keating of the movies, who's heard every Sunday as the new master of ceremonies on the Rubinoff broadcasts, coming from Hollywood.

Right, just when everyone thought Nelson Eddy had lost out on the new Sunday night broadcast with Don Ameche, Nelson announced he had signed.

on all comedy shows, would require twice as many comedians as there are now—and as it is there aren't enough to go around! Phil even had the scheme lined up and almost in working order once. He and another comedian were to alternate on the Good Gulf programs. But fate intervened. The other comedian was Will Rogers.

* * *

WITH scarcely a ripple, Paramount on Parade slipped out of the radio swim the end of April, and a noble experiment went down to defeat. The idea had been for NBC to give Paramount Pictures a half-hour every Sunday; Paramount, using its contract stars, would then produce a radio show with all the glory that is Hollywood's. NBC would get a good sustaining show, and Paramount would get valuable publicity for its pictures.

A Sunday morning hour was picked, so there'd be no danger of folks staying away from Paramount movies to listen to Para- (*Continued on page* 80)



—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean.* You'll feel more *alive.* And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets – remember

EX-LAX

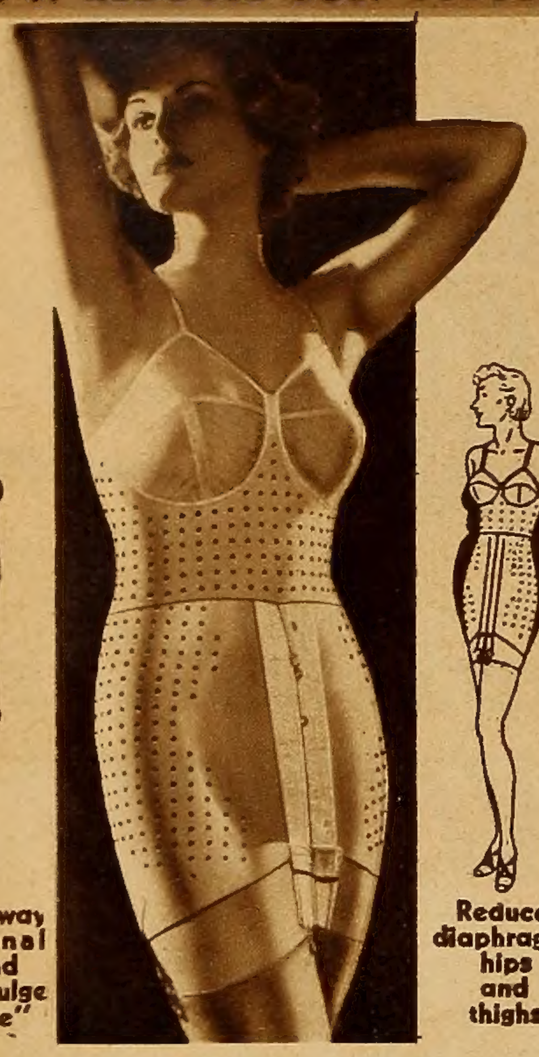
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE

4

FIGURE FAULTS

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES . . . IT REDUCES UGLY BULGES





Takes away abdominal fat and ugly "bulge derriere"

Reduces diaphragm, hips and thighs

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18" says Mrs. Faust. "Never owned a girdle I liked so much—reduced 26 pounds," writes Miss Marshall. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

■ You need not risk one penny . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere are *actually reducing* hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just those spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs or Exercise!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

Send For Ten Day Free Trial Offer

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon *now!*

SUMMER IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept, 287, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....

Address .....

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

COAST-TO-



Above, Hal Styles directs the personnel for "Help Thy Neighbor" over KHJ.





Above, Jettabee Ann Hopkins, the one-woman show on KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska, and one of radio's busiest people. Jettabee writes, directs and acts in popular Babs and Betty.

Gabriel Heatter, left, one of the four contributors to the special program for women only broadcast every Friday at 1:30 p.m. over WEAF. Read the show's story.

SPECIAL EDITION — As big-time a local program as you'll ever find away from the networks is Borden's Special Edition, broadcast every Friday at 1:30 P. M. Just one station carries it—the same station at which many of NBC's biggest network shows originate, WEAF in New York. Another unique thing about the program is that it is strictly for women only. Men aren't supposed to listen, not even casually. Special Edition is as near to a women's newspaper as you can put on the air. It has four star editors—Gabriel Heatter, Fanny Fitzwater, women's editor of the New York *Herald Tribune;* Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, famous child psychologist, and Janet Howell, noted Hollywood writer—and between them they give the ladies news, fashions, advice on home making and raising children, Hollywood

COAST HIGHLIGHTS

By RUSS KING

gossip, beauty hints, and a resume of what's happening around town. It isn't often that a sponsor goes to all this expense for a local program, but on the other hand, a lot of people in and around Manhattan listen to it. And if the New York program keeps on being the success it has been so far, probably it will be extended to other cities where the sponsor sells his milk.

If your radio can, by hook or crook, tune in this show, your Highlights reporter advises a sample listening. You'll get the habit.

* * *

RALEIGH, N. C.: All radio stars have their own ways of gaining fans but it took the Three Tobacco Tags, daily noontime stars over WPTF, to discover a new fan-getting method when returning to Raleigh recently from one of their nightly show dates at a nearby town. Coming upon a burning farmhouse, George, Luke, and Reid stopped their car, and while one of the boys aroused the sleeping occupants and got them safely outside, the others found water and went to work on the flames. Result: No deaths; a home saved from ruin; and a grateful farmer's family pledged as life-long fans of the Tags.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.: The Hollywood anti-Nazi league has taken time on KFWB Saturdays from 7:30 to 7:45 p. m., and Thursday's 9:30 to 9:45 p. m.

The fifteen minute period features "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," well known to Americans as the comedy characters in two of Donald Ogden Stewart's books. Mr. Stewart donated "The Haddocks" to the league and is writing the present series which takes the family through Germany and Europe in general. The league hopes to place the program on a nation-wide hook-up.

* * *

WHEELING, W. VA., Nobody seems to know whether Shorty Hobbs, WWVA'S eccentric banjoist with Frankie (*Continued on page* 60)



Meet "Letsy," youngest of the Happy Pickards, of station WWL. It's her daddy at her side.



Melt SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't *stay* on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They *always* use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and *stay*."

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 8 RM VG, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



Singin' Sam expresses his philosophy of life in action. Here is the NBC singer fly casting back home in Indiana.

what DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

THIS IS YOUR PAGE YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE $20
SECOND PRIZE $10.00
FIVE PRIZES of $1.00
Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than June 28.

$20.00 PRIZE

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, SOMETIMES!

HIGHLIGHTS of the news! Repetition of the news would be a better suggestion. News commentators should have to listen to each other and maybe there would be a little variety.

If the 10:00 A. M. broadcast of news flashes are about someone landing somewhere, or a woman getting tipsy on the jury, you hear it at least five times during the day, and end up with Lowell Thomas telling it all over again at 6:45 P. M. for news—and by that time it's history.

True, I don't have to listen, you say, or I can turn the dial, but often when I am too busy to leave my work to change the station, or perhaps waiting for a program, there is no escape; the newscasters go merrily on in spite of everything.

L. I. SHEPARD,
Elm Grove, W. Va.

$10.00 PRIZE

FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER

Radio programs could be improved by having a little psychology injected into them. Take this for an illustration:

I am listening to a pipe organ and the rendition of a series of church songs. A masterly voice has inspired me, lifted me out of my hedged-in environment and, as it were, transported me to a higher plain of living and thinking. Just for a moment my existence is changed, I have lived in another realm where things are different—not real.

But suddenly the tones of the organ die away, the voice recedes, and as if by the lifting of a jesting eyebrow, or the trick of a sleight-of-hand, my cathedral surroundings vanish and I am snatched up into a jazz syncopation, blatant and bizarre. I can almost hear the bells jangling upon the clowns' costumes, see their grimaces, and smell the peanuts that are being tossed to the animals in the circus ring.

(*Continued on page* 56)

Fashion Parade of the month... **JULY**

The New "Smoky" Nail Shades as Miss Nancy Harrar wears them



Manoir Richelieu Canada

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

"Old Rose is lovely for blonde types," Nancy says, "and especially with pastels for both sports and evening."

Rainbow Room Rockefeller Center New York

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in gleaming white satin boldly splashed with primavera bouquets and belted with chartreuse . . . worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.

En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania —Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely *the* nail color when you're sun-tanned!"

NO GATHERING of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she's doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician's hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex "smoky" polish shades. "Even the deep shades are soft and smoky," she says. "You can do a lot more with them as color accents than with ordinary glaring polishes."

See just how she uses three of the Cutex "smoky" shades by cutting out the figures above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 12 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more lustrous, too—wears for days, won't thicken up in the bottle, won't fade!

Start right now to accent your personality with 3 or 4 glamorous shades. Only 35¢ a large bottle, at any shop!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

• To give yourself a complete manicure, be sure to use the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. It removes the dead cuticle, restores the natural oil, keeps cuticle lovely without harmful cutting.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-7
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name_____

Address _____

City State

Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed *(right)* at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"





These distinguished women also prefer Camel's mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

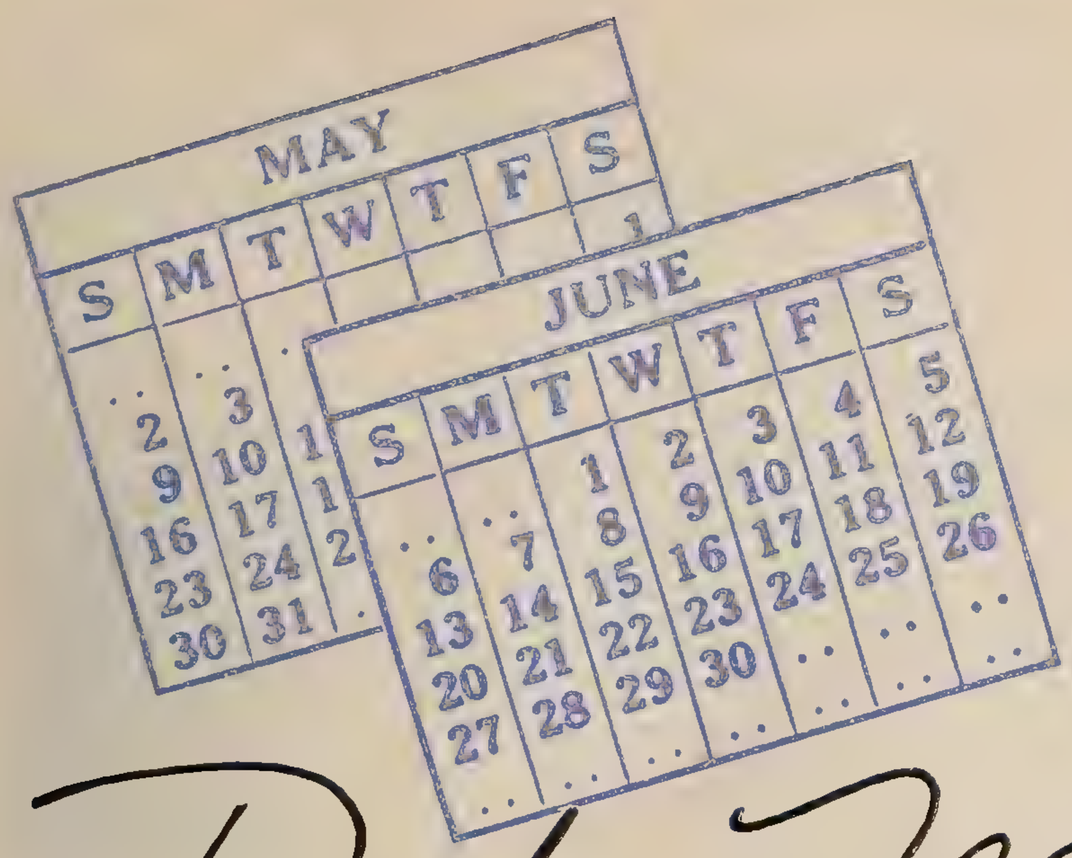
Copyright, 1937, R. J Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels



AN ENGROSSING NEW SERVICE for RADIO LISTENERS

ALMANAC

A great innovation in radio publications: Eight pages of day-by-day program listings and news—vital information for the whole month. Read while you listen and find each day's highlights—guest stars, new shows, special broadcasts—all in your Almanac.

STATIONS AND WHERE TO TUNE THEM IN

Station	Kilocycles
Columbia Network	
WABC	860
WACO	1420
WADC	1320
WALA	1380
WBBM	770
WBIG	1440
WBNS	1430
WBRC	930
WBT	1080
WCAO	600
WCAU	1170
WCCO	810
WCHS	580
WCOA	1340
WDAE	1220
WDJB	930
WDBO	580
WDNC	1370
WDOD	1280
WDRC	1330
WEEI	590
WESG	850
WFBL	1360
WFBM	1230
WGBI	880
WGL	1370
WGR	550
WGST	890
WHAS	820
WHEC	1430
WHIO	1260
WHK	1390
WHP	1430
WIBW	580
WIBX	1200
WISN	1120
WJAS	1290
WJNO	1200
WJR	750
WJSV	1460
WKKB	1500
WKBH	1380
WKBN	570
WKBW	1480
WKRC	550
WLAC	1470
WLBZ	620
WMAS	1420
WMAZ	1180
WMBD	1440
WMBG	1210
WMBR	1370
WMMN	890
WNAX	570
WNBF	1500
WNOX	1010
WOC	1370
WOKO	1430
WORC	1280
WOWO	1160
WPAR	1420
WPG	1100
WPRO	630
WQAM	560
WREC	600
WSBT	1360
WSFA	1410
WSJS	1510
WSPD	1340
WTAQ	1330
WTOC	1260
WWL	850
WWVA	1160
KFAB	770
KFBB	1280
KFH	1300
KFPY	890
KGKO	570
KGVO	1260
KLRA	1390
KLZ	560
KMBC	950
KMOX	1090
KNOW	1500
KNX	1050
KOH	1380
KOIN	940
KOL	1270
KOMA	1480
KOY	1390
KRLD	1040
KRNT	1290
KSCJ	1330
KSFO	560
KSL	1130
KTRH	1290
KTSA	550
KTUL	1400
KVI	570
KVOR	1270
KWKH	1100
CFRB	690
CKAC	730
NBC Red Network	
WBEN	900
WCAE	1220
WCSH	940
WDAF	610
WDEL	1120
WEAF	660
WFBR	1270
WGY	790
WHO	1000
WIRE	1400
WJAR	890
WMAQ	670
WNAC	1230
WOW	590
WRC	950
WSAI	1330
WTAG	580
WTAM	1070
WTIC	1040
WWJ	920
KSD	550
KSPP	1460
KYW	1020
NBC Blue Network	
WABY	1370
WBAL	1060
WBZ	990
WBZA	990
WCKY	1490
WEAN	780
WEBR	1310
WENR	870
WFIL	560
WGAR	1450
WHAM	1150
WICC	600
WJZ	760
WLS	870
WMAL	630
WMT	600
WREN	1220
WSYR	570
WTCN	1250
WXYZ	1240
KDKA	980
KOIL	1260
KSO	1430
KVOD	920
KWK	1350
NBC Supplementary Stations	
WAPI	1140
WAVE	940
WBAF	800
WCFL	970
WCOL	1210
WCSC	1360
WDAY	940
WEBC	1290
WFAA	800
WFEA	1340
WFBC	1300
WFLA	620
WGL	1370
WIBA	1280
WIOD	1300
WIS	560
WJAX	900
WJDX	1270
WKY	900
WLW	700
WMC	780
WOAI	1190
WOOD	1270
WORK	1320
WPTF	680
WRVA	1110
WSAN	1440
WSB	740
WSM	650
WSMB	1320
WSOC	1210
WSUN	620
WTAR	780
WTMJ	620
WWMC	570
KANS	1210
KARK	890
KDYL	1290
KECA	1430
KERN	1370
KEX	1180
KFBK	1490
KFI	640
KFSD	600
KFYR	550
KGA	1470
KGBX	1230
KGHF	1320
KGHL	780
KGIR	1340
KGNC	1410
KGO	790
KGU	750
KGW	620
KHQ	590
KJR	970
KLO	1440
KMJ	530
KOA	830
KOMO	920
KPO	680
KPRC	920
KSOO	1110
KTAR	620
KTBS	1450
KTHS	1060
KVOO	1140
KWG	1200
CFCF	600
CRCT	1140

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries

10:30
CBS: Romany Trail

11:00
NBC: Press-radio News

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano

11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Red: The World Is Yours

11:45
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires

12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin

1:30
CBS: Poetic Strings
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors
NBC-Red: The Hour Glass

2:00
CBS: St. Louis Serenade
MBS: The Lamplighter
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Choral Voices

2:30
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries

3:00
CBS: Howard Barlow

3:30
NBC-Blue: London Letter

4:00
CBS: Spelling Bee
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies

4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figgsbottle

5:00
CBS: Sunday Afternoon Party
NBC-Red: Marion Talley

5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour

6:30
CBS: Rubinoff
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today

7:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Ripley
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals

7:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles

8:00
CBS: Moore and Broderick
NBC-Blue: General Motors Concert
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen

8:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor

9:00
CBS: Ford Sunday Hour
NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music

9:45
NBC-Blue: Choir Symphonette

10:00
CBS: Gillette Community Sing
NBC-Blue: California Concert
NBC-Red: Sealtest Party

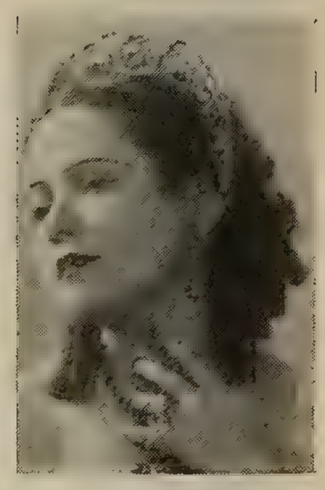
MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Andre Kostelanetz

He who knows not the love of fine music is only half alive.

MAY 30, 1937

IT'S Memorial Day, and the second day of a long weekend. Don't let your enjoyment of the holiday make you forget its purpose. Officially, the day is observed this morning in Washington's Arlington Cemetery—and the ceremonies will be broadcast on all networks. . . . You listeners have a full day in front of you, particularly if you're sports fans. First there are the automobile races from the Indianapolis speedway. Then, NBC and CBS both broadcast the second day of the Davis Cup tennis matches between the United States and Australia at Forest Hills, N. Y. Your announcers are Ted Husing for CBS and John R. Tunis, tennis expert, on NBC. . . . There'll be a real novelty at three o'clock, and all you stay-at-homes better listen in to get the imaginary thrills of an airplane tour over Yellowstone Park. NBC has an announcer and the park superintendent in a plane, flying around and telling you what they see. . . . The evening's full of doings, too. If you're interested in drama on the air, listen to the Columbia Workshop's broadcast at seven o'clock. Tonight it's an original verse play by Geoffrey Bidson, called "March of 45." . . . Devotees of soprano voices must hear Bidu Sayao, guest star on the Ford program on CBS at nine. She's a young Brazilian who made her Metropolitan Opera debut last season. . . Your birthday reminder list is a fat one today. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Benny Goodman, and Norris Goff (Abner of Lum & Abner) are all celebrating.



Bidu Sayao (you pronounce it Bidoo Say-yow) is soloist on tonight's Ford Hour.



Pianist Mischa Levitzki has a record of twenty tours in the United States.

JUNE 6, 1937

THIS is the day for staying home and resting up from that long automobile trip out of town you took last Sunday. You ought to have recovered from the sunburn you got, by this time, though. . . . It's Sweden's big day, and in Stockholm they're having a Royal celebration. Be sure to listen in, on NBC . . . In the evening, there's another of those Columbia Workshop plays. All summer long this program will continue, under the direction of Irving Reis, and you'd be surprised at some of the famous authors who are writing original plays for it. The Workshop is radio's first attempt to create its own form of drama, and it deserves more than a pat on the back. . . . Later in the evening, Mischa Levitzki, famed concert pianist, is the Ford Sunday Evening Hour's guest soloist. Mischa's an American by birth, even though he was born in Krementchug, Southern Russia, and his parents were both of Russian blood. Figure that one out . . . Answer: Mr. and Mrs. Levitzki had gone to America and become naturalized citizens, and were back in Russia just for a visit. Mischa was a child prodigy, and took lessons on the piano long before he could reach the pedals with his feet. He's making his twentieth tour of the United States now. . . . Tonight on NBC is one of your last chances to hear Robert Ripley. The "Believe It Or Not" man leaves the air June 27th. He'll be back again late in July with B. A. Rolfe joining the show.

JUNE 13, 1937

DID you think America had the largest automobile racing track in the world? If you did, you're wrong. It's in Nurburgring, Germany, and today you can listen in on the International Eifel Races being held there. NBC is broadcasting the doings. . . . Tonight's concert by the Ford Symphony is the last until September 12—the last time you can hear that haunting theme song, which, by the way, is the Children's Prayer from the opera, Hansel and Gretel. Mr. Ford's guest soloist tonight is Josephine Antoine, coloratura soprano, who made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House when she was only twenty-one. She isn't much older now—one year, to be exact. A Boulder, Colorado, girl, she's never studied a note outside of the United States. Radio gave her her start in 1929 when she won third place in a national audition. . . . For you Spelling Bee enthusiasts, CBS offers one with all the hardest words for you to try. It's on at 4:00 today and every Sunday afternoon. That's Eastern Daylight Saving Time, so figure out what time it is in your home town and listen in. . . . But if spelling doesn't excite you, why not listen in to the Magic Key of RCA at two o'clock on NBC-Blue? Chances are you missed its gala broadcast, welcoming back the Philadelphia Orchestra from its transcontinental tour, two weeks ago. Never can tell what fine stars the Magic Key will unlock, because it gets very little advance publicity.



Ford Soloist Josephine Antoine made her Metropolitan debut in January of 1936.

JUNE 20, 1937



"The widow of Windsor" was England's nickname for its beloved Queen Victoria.

A HUNDRED years ago today, England's most beloved Queen ascended the throne, and today Great Britain is celebrating that hundred-years anniversary—only a little more than a month after Victoria's great-grandson, George VI, in his turn took over the crown and sceptre. You'll hear the ceremonies from London over NBC and short wave. . . . Victoria was only eighteen when she stepped to the throne, and she ruled for more than sixty-three years, until she died on January 22, 1901. After the death of her husband, Prince Albert, in 1861, Victoria went into mourning for a long time, proving that not all royal marriages are necessarily loveless . . . if you're lucky, you'll see Queen Victoria recreated on the stage this winter, when one of your favorite radio stars, Helen Hayes, comes to your city in the play "Victoria Regina." Helen plans on touring with the play all winter, doing her radio work from whatever city she happens to be in. . . . Tonight's your last chance to laugh at Phil Baker, Bottle and Beetle until next fall, for tomorrow Phil will be on his way to Hollywood and a summer of picture-making. For the first time in his life he'll try a straight acting role in the "Goldwyn Follies." Mrs. Baker and the three young Bakers are going with him. . . Phil has been in strict training for the last month, taking off fifteen pounds the movie bosses told him he'd have to lose before the picture could start.

MONDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Phil Spitalny

Laughter is artless, but knowing when not to laugh is an art.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue
1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
1:30
CBS: The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column
3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
4:00
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:30
NBC-Red Follow the Moon
4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
5:00
CBS: Clyde Barrie
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
CBS: Eton boys
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:30
Press Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Griffin Revue
NBC-Red: Amos 'n Andy
7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade
8:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
9:00
CBS: Lux Radio Theater
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
10:00
CBS: Wayne King
MBS: Famous Jury Trials
NBC-Red: Contented Program

MAY 31, 1937

STILL a holiday, for you and you and you, but not for the men and women at the microphone. Holiday or not, their job is to keep the air filled with mirth, news and melody. . . . The Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills go into their concluding day, and you'll want to be in at the finish as the United States and Australia fight out the question of which has the best tennis players. Ted Husing, who is covering the matches for CBS, thinks tennis is the best game in the world, but if he were announcing football today he'd hand the palm to it, for Ted thinks any game you're watching is the best in the world. Ted spent a quiet winter, mostly in Florida, but now that the out-of-doors games are here again, he'll be a frequent visitor to your loud-speaker vicinity. It's no secret that CBS considers him just about tops in the sports announcing line. . . . Don Bestor picked tonight for opening the summer season at the Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans, and tonight and in the future you will hear him broadcasting late at night from that magnolia-scented spot. . . . Farther north, Clyde McCoy is settling down tonight in the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, to give the citizenry a taste of his "Sugar Blues." . . . For your birthday file—Fred Allen was born John Sullivan just forty-three years ago today in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Don Ameche is twenty-nine and Ben Bernie is forty-four. It's Bob McCoy's birthday too. He's the baritone in Horace Heidt's orchestra, on CBS tonight.



Ted Husing's back after a quiet winter, describing the Davis Cup matches for CBS.

JUNE 7, 1937



Seventeen-year-old Alma Adams is the tuba player in the Hour of Charm band.

IT'S the day before the eclipse of the sun (Radio Row calls it NBC's exclusive eclipse, what with all the preparations this network has been making to broadcast it from the one place on earth which scientists say has the best visibility.) Way back in April, three men and four tons of broadcasting equipment started out for a tiny, uninhabited island in the South Pacific. Tonight at eight o'clock, New York time, a dress rehearsal for the eclipse is held. George Hicks, NBC announcer, tells you about last-minute preparations for observing the phenomenon. There's only one catch to all this—if that South Sea Island is as nice as it's supposed to be, how is NBC going to coax its three men and four tons of equipment back to Radio City? Radio has its regular attractions today too. Listen in on Fibber McGee and Molly, broadcasting from Hollywood. It'll be thirty minutes of laughter and you may win a trailer besides. . . . Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra, you know, is on at night now—9:30 on NBC's Red network. And when you listen, give a special thought to the little girl who produces the deepest bass notes. Alma Adams is her name and she plays the tuba. She's seventeen years old and in a few days will graduate from her home town high school in Dumont, New Jersey, a good commuter's jaunt from Radio City. . . . Thirty-four years ago today, Glen Gray was born in Metamora, Illinois.

JUNE 14, 1937

YOUR novelty program for the day is something that at first glance holds only a fair promise of something exciting. It's the proceedings of the World Petroleum Congress in Paris, short-waved to NBC's network. There wouldn't seem to be many thrills connected, but there is certainly some reason for NBC's spending so much money. Better listen in and see what it's all about. . . . Today's the birthday of a man who ought to be a radio star every week but who, for some reason known only to sponsors, isn't—John McCormack, born in 1884 in Athlone, Ireland. It's Major Bowes' birthday, too. The fleeting years seem to hold no fear for this amazing ringmaster of radio's amateurs. Today the Major will sit down to a birthday cake with sixty-three candles on it, if he can find that big a cake. You should know by this time that he was born in San Francisco of Irish parents. . . . Short, sweet and important are the words for Chesterfield's sports resume, broadcast tonight and every night except Sunday at 6:35, E.D.S.T. It lasts only ten minutes, but it hits practically all the CBS chain of stations. Paul Douglas has the coveted announcing job—and he earned it, too, because for a long time he conducted a similar sports program as a sustaining feature for WABC. Now he's announcer for Alexander Woollcott, the Friday night Chesterfield program and the Saturday Swing Club besides his own program.



Paul Douglas brings you important sports news for ten minutes six nights a week.

JUNE 21, 1937



Expert impersonator of infants is lovely Madeleine Pierce of the Young Family.

THERE'S tennis in the air again today, if you are in the mood for sporting thrills—the most aristocratic form of that aristocratic game, championship lawn tennis as played at Wimbledon near London. The short waves again do duty to bring the details to NBC and your ears. For a lesson in genteel sports announcing, if for nothing else, better tune this in. . . . Are you a Pepper Young's Family devotee? It's hard not to be these days, because the sponsors give you twice the usual opportunity to hear the program. It's on the NBC-Red network at three in the afternoon and the NBC-Blue at 10:30 in the morning, five days a week, and if you don't think that's often enough you ought to ask the actors. You could even ask Butch, the baby. and you'd get an intelligent answer for Butch is none other than Madeleine Pierce, a dark-eyed and very beautiful young woman. Her job is something that could happen only in radio—specialist in baby noises. She can play an infant mood from the smallest sleepy cry to the loudest milk-hungry wail. For cries she muffles her mouth with a pillow. For gurgles and coos she uses no pillow. Madeleine was born in Philadelphia and learned her art by imitating her brothers and sisters. When she grew up she got married, but she still amused her friends by chuckling and cooing. Three years ago she took an audition and a week later was as busy as the quintuplets' nurse.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
CBS: East and Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
11:45
CBS: Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott
12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Jack Berch
1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
1:30
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column
3:00
CBS: Bill Wright, V. P.
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3.45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
4:00
CBS: Sing and Swing
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
5:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5.45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:30
Press-Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
7:30
CBS: Alexander Woollcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade
8:00
CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
8:30
CBS: Al Jolson
MBS: Listen to This
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King
9:00
CBS: Al Pearce
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
9:30
CBS: Jack Oakie
MBS: True Detective Mystery
NBC-Blue: Sweetest Love Songs
NBC-Red: Fred Astaire
10:30
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Eddie Cantor

Everyone raises his hat to the success of a man who can rise above success.

JUNE 1, 1937

BACK to work after the week-end—but remember, the working week is one day shorter than usual, so cheer up. . . . Over in Moscow, they're having an event today you won't hear broadcast, but it's important just the same. The Russians are holding a radio and television exposition which opens today. No telling what new developments in your listening habits may result. It's the first of its kind that has ever been held. . . . Set an hour aside tonight right now. It's your very last chance to listen to Fred Astaire being heckled by Charlie Butterworth—the program goes off for the summer and there's no telling if it will be back next fall. . . . From 10:00 to 10:30 tonight you can become eclipse expeditioners. At least you can listen to the program of news and entertainment NBC is broadcasting for the special amusement of the men who have gone to a tiny Pacific island to watch the total eclipse of the sun on June 8. This broadcast will mean a lot to these temporary exiles, and NBC hopes it will to you, too. . . . Two birthdays for you to remember today. Hugo Mariani, dance orchestra leader, was born on June 1, 1899, in Montevideo, Uruguay, South America. Ray Heatherton, on the other hand, was born in 1909 in Jersey City and only had to cross the Hudson River to be a radio star. . . . Eddy Duchin begins his summer engagement at the Palmer House in Chicago. You're invited to join the festivities by tuning in MBS.



Romantic Eddy Duchin begins his summer engagement at a smart Chicago dance spot.



George Hicks is the man NBC sent to the South Seas to report the sun's eclipse.

JUNE 8, 1937

IN ancient times, when the sun went into an eclipse, everybody hid in the wood shed until it was all over, being sure that they were receiving punishment for their sins. Nowadays, scientists spend a fortune in going to Enderbury Island, the one spot where they can see the eclipse better than if they stayed at home. They know it's going to happen years beforehand and their only fear is that a telescope or camera won't work. The peculiar thing about this eclipse is that, through radio, you can hear it described while it is happening, twice in the same day. At Enderbury Island, where NBC watches it, the eclipse happens at 3:08 p.m., New York time, but in Peru, where CBS men are on the job, it happens shortly after 6:00 p.m., New York time. So you'd better lend an ear to both broadcasts. NBC has sent three men—George Hicks, announcer, and Marvin S. Adams and Walter R. Brown, engineers—down to Enderbury Island to report what goes on, and CBS has two in Lima, Peru, for the same purpose. It would take radio to spend all that time and money to describe what it looks like when you can't see anything. . . . George Hicks has taken this assignment very seriously. He studied astronomy before he left by painting the important members of the solar system on an umbrella. Freak broadcasts are all in the day's work for him. He's broadcast from the bottom of the sea and in the cockpit of an army bomber.

JUNE 15, 1937

WHO'S the mysterious Cobina Fenwicke of Myrt and Marge? Is that her real name? . . . Well, no, frankly, it isn't. Her real name is Frances Woodbury, and she's the possessor of one of the few perfect radio voices in the world. She has a full career on the stage behind her, and it's an honorable career, too, in spite of Cobina's villainous maneuvers. Frances was born in New England and raised in Boston. It was her participation in school plays at the Bradford Academy in Haverhill, Massachusetts, that led to dramatic courses at the Emerson School of Drama in Boston and, later, the New England Conservatory. For several years she was a leading lady in stock companies in New Orleans, Portland, Oregon, Halifax and Atlanta. In New York she was featured in the same play that brought Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney to fame, "Maggie the Magnificent." Then she went to Chicago and into radio. You've heard her in The Romance of Helen Trent, The First Nighter, Betty and Bob, and other dramatic shows. When Myrt and Marge moved to New York this winter, Frances moved too, because she's Myrt's most dependable villainess. . . . Dollars to doughnuts you're missing a show that would give you a lot of solid pleasure if you'd listen. It's John Nesbitt's Passing Parade, on NBC-Red at 7:45 tonight and last night. John started it as a local show out in San Francisco, and it gained quick success.



Frances Woodbury is the mysterious, menacing Cobina Fenwicke of Myrt and Marge.



Another infant impersonator is Frances Reynolds, also of Myrt and Marge.

JUNE 22, 1937

RADIO'S second expert practitioner of baby sounds is Frances Reynolds. (The first is Madeleine Pierce whose story we told you about in yesterday's section.) Frances' most famous part is that of Marge's baby in the Myrt and Marge series, which you will listen to at 2:45 this afternoon; but like Madeleine, she's always on call for this and many other programs that need an infant. Network shows have to use baby imitators, since there's an iron clad rule against using any recorded sound effects except of mechanical sounds like trains, automobiles, egg beaters, and the like. There's some good reason for this no one has ever disclosed. Frances has been on the stage most of her life. She used to do children's acts in vaudeville and Chautauqua, and her experience trouping then has stood her in good stead since she got into radio via Major Bowes' old amateur show on a New York station. Unlike Madeleine Pierce, who often imitates children and adolescents, Frances sticks pretty closely to infant roles. She was born in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, and her family name is Womelsdorf. If you come from Pennsylvania, you'll recognize that as the surname of a fine old Dutch family. And—one for our friend Robert Ripley—there's even a small Pennsylvania town named Womelsdorf. Just one birthday for you to remember today—Phil Duey's. He was born in Macy, Indiana, thirty-five years ago.

WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Lanny Ross

It is better to lose a fortune than a friend.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue
1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column
3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neils
4:00
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:30
CBS: Russell Dorr
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
5:00
CBS: Elsie Thompson
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

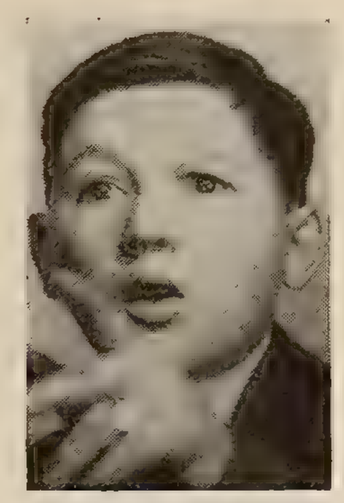
6:30
Press-Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Blue: Beatrice Lillie
NBC-Red: One Man's Family
8:30
CBS: Ken Murray
MBS: Tonic Time
NBC-Blue: Helen Menken
NBC-Red: Wayne King
9:00
CBS: Lily Pons
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
9:30
CBS: Beauty Box Theatre
10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade
10:30
CBS: Babe Ruth
NBC-Blue: Minstrel Show

MAY 26, 1937

YOU'VE started your listening day and month off right by consulting your Radio Mirror Almanac to see what you mustn't miss on the air. Get the Almanac habit . . . and remember, the best time to look over the Almanac is right after breakfast to see if there aren't some early programs you just have to hear . . . Today's special occasions come late at night, but that's no sign you'll always have to wait that long . . . It's Glen Gray's opening night at the Palomar in Los Angeles. That's the big dance hall out there which, like Chicago's Aragon, is winning such a reputation by hiring America's ace dance bands. Glen and his Casa Loma boys are there for an extended summer engagement and you can join in the fun by tuning them in on the Mutual network. Glen's actually leading the band himself. You'll recall that always before he simply played the saxophone and let someone else wave the baton . . . Gala opening number two is Harry Reser's at the Graystone Ballroom in Detroit. If you loved Harry and his Eskimos—and who didn't—you'll want to be among those present when they make their bow to the motor-makers. Harry has an NBC wire to your home. . . . For that experimental mood, why don't you tune in France on your short-wave equipment? At 5:10 E. D. S. T., this afternoon, turn your dial to 25.24m—11,885 Kc. Or, if you prefer, to the German station DJB, 19.74m—15,200 Kc.



Out in Los Angeles, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra open at the Palomar.



Young Walter Tetley celebrates a birthday while working on Fred Allen's program.

JUNE 2, 1937

IT'S Derby Day in England, and the big Epsom Downs are swarming with people. As usual, your radio is on the job, and you needn't miss any of the excitement . . . You know, the Epsom Derby is the special property of all the common, ordinary people in England—the high-hats have their steeplechase classic at Aintree. Which doesn't mean that there aren't plenty of high-hats in the crowd at Epsom today. Just try to keep an Englishman away from the races! You can listen in on NBC . . . Dick Gasparre's orchestra opens tonight at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, broadcasting on the Mutual network . . . And Henry King starts his summer season at the very swell Westchester-Biltmore Country Club in Rye, New York, also on a Mutual wire . . . While you are waiting for them to come on the air, how about a balanced radio ration for Wednesday night? The Easy Aces get into new trouble of Jane's devising at seven; at 7:15 the First Lady of the Land gives you some low-down on the problems of a President's wife—all on NBC. At 7:45 you switch to CBS and Boake Carter's opinions, which are always provocative even if you can't understand what he's saying. At nine you must listen to Fred Allen, because there won't be many more opportunities. If there's a boy's voice on his show, it's Walter Tetley, Fred's favorite child actor—and Walter ought to be good tonight, because it's his birthday.

JUNE 9, 1937

REMEMBER the girl who used to speak Mary Lou's lines on the old Show Boat? Those were the days, weren't they? Well, Mary Lou is no more, but the girl who created her is still very busy. You hear her tonight, in fact, but unless your ears are sharp to recognize voices you won't know who she is. Her real name is Rosaline Greene, but she does the announcing for Mrs. Roosevelt under the name of Virginia Barr. She flies from New York to Washington and back for her Wednesday date at the White House. On Monday nights she's busy too, announcing for Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm program. By this time each June Rosaline is spending every free weekend in the Great South Bay, off Long Island, where her family live and where she has a yacht to cruise around in . . . Complaints have been coming in from listeners that Rosaline's too solemn on her Hour of Charm program and ought to pep up her announcements. What do you think about it? Listen in next Monday, and see what you think . . . At 8:30 tonight you can listen to Helen Menken, one of America's great actresses, in the serial drama, Her Second Husband, on the NBC-Blue network. Miss Menken, who is tall, blonde and stately, once played Queen Elizabeth on the stage opposite the Mary Queen of Scots of another radio Helen — Miss Hayes, who is short, blonde, and winsome . . . and, at the moment, vacationing.



The first Mary Lou, Virginia Barr, Rosaline Greene—they are the same girl.



Ken Murray's Marlyn Stuart holds radio's most unique contract with her comic boss.

JUNE 16, 23, 1937

TONIGHT, for just about twenty seconds, you'll hear the possessor of radio's queerest contract, Marlyn Stuart, on the Ken Murray show. Marlyn has a long-term personal agreement, in writing, with Ken to do only one thing, cry "Mama, that man's here again!" at the beginning of each program. After that, she retires, her duty done—and it does seem a shame that as lovely a blonde as Marlyn shouldn't have more things to do on the program . . . Better listen to Lily Pons tonight. Movie contracts are calling her back to Hollywood and next week is her last broadcast. In July, her place will be taken by Frank Parker, but Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra will remain. **June 23:** It's Fred Allen's next-to-the-last broadcast for a very long time, so be sure to listen. He won't be back on the air in the fall—and maybe he won't ever be back, unless some sponsor succeeds in getting him to change his mind. Why? There isn't space to tell you here, but read the story on page 19. And, for something to remember him by, here's one of his most recent script jokes, taken straight out of the script for a Town Hall Tonight broadcast: "Fred Allen: You say Miss Barrie has received her final decree? Actor: Yes, Elaine is returning to the stage. Allen: Which name will she use, Barrie or Barrymore? Actor: Barrie. Barrie's all there is. There isn't any 'more.'" ...Today's Mary Livingstone's birthday.

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: East and Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade

11:45
CBS: Merrymakers
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Jack Berch

1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:30
NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column

3:00
CBS: Bill Wright
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera Co.
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Blue: All Star Cycle Show
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: Alexander Woollcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolics

8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee

8:30
NBC-Blue: Boston Pops Concert

9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: Show Boat

9:30
MBS: Melody Treasure Hunt
NBC-Blue: Spelling Bee

10:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall

10:30
CBS: March of Time

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Kate Smith

After the verb *To Love*, the most beautiful verb is *To Help*.

MAY 27, 1937

LEND an ear today to baseball. All over the country there are sponsored baseball broadcasts, today and every day, coming over your big local stations. For instance, if you live in Philadelphia or one of its many suburbs, Bill Dyer is telling you today, over WCAU, about the game between Cleveland and the Philadelphia Athletics—unless it rains. Your Almanac is looking for fair weather, with a hint of just a few showers. Time was when baseball teams wouldn't let their games be broadcast, but today only the New York and Brooklyn teams are still holding out . . . Should you be bored with or by baseball, you certainly aren't by that favorite of daytime programs, The O'Neills. Today, at 11:00 (E. D. S. T. of course) on the NBC-Blue network or at 3:45 on the Red network, you can tune in this broadcast. If you do, you'll want to know about Danny O'Neill, that impetuous Irish youngster. Jimmy Tansey plays this role. His age? He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on July 20, 1910. Both his father and mother were theater folk, so Jimmy's elementary education came from twenty-two schools in fifteen states. At the age of eight, he made his stage debut as—a fifty-five year old midget! There's been no holding him ever since and his radio debut came in the fall of 1930 . . . Go dancing tonight to the music of Emil Coleman who opens at Ben Marden's Riviera, one of New York's glamour spots.



Emil Coleman and his orchestra open their summer season tonight and you can tune in.

JUNE 3, 1937



Arch McDonald goes around the country with the Senators for Station WJSV.

THERE'S a morning program on CBS you may have been missing, but if you'll take the Almanac's word for it, don't. Tune in this morning at 11:45 (E. D. S. T. again) on the CBS network and hear Eleanor Howe, who conducts the "Homemakers Exchange." Between 8,000 and 10,000 of you write in to her each week, and you picked an expert to help solve your homemaking problems. Eleanor was born in Denver, Colorado, went to school in Homewood, Illinois, and received degrees from the University of Illinois and Columbia University. Her radio debut was in Denver, and she boasts of conducting one of the first cooking schools on the air . . . This can be another baseball listening day, if you want to tune in this afternoon to station WJSV in the nation's capital, Arch McDonald will give you the game between the Senators and the Detroit Tigers—though your Almanac says there's a good chance of rain. The game is played in Detroit . . . Tonight you must listen in to Floyd Gibbons' true adventure program, because it's the first Thursday of the month and that's the night he always presents his prize of $250 for the best adventure submitted during the month. . . Later, there is Paul Kain's music from the Hotel Commodore over your nearest Mutual System station. It's Paul's opening night and his first New York engagement. Will he make good? Here's hoping he gets a break.

JUNE 10, 1937

REAL sports fans don't get tired of baseball as a steady radio diet, but for you who are looking for a diversion, today and the next two days are going to be radio's golfing days. Tune in to hear the network's description of what goes on at the Oakland Hills Country Club, Birmingham, Michigan. It's the annual National Open Golf Tournament and radio's giving you a divot-by-divot account of what the putter and niblick experts are up to—and still save you the trouble of following the players around from hole to hole. Tony Manero won the Open last year and he'll be in the running again today. The National Open is just about the biggest event of the golfing world, for it pitts amateurs and professionals together and all the pros fight to prevent the ignominy of defeat at the hands of an amateur. Bobby Jones was one who did the trick . . . Tonight Bing Crosby—bless our souls he's a good master of ceremonies—kids another famous guest, with an assist by Bob Burns. Some listeners complain that Bing is too free with the informal style around personages like Greta Stueckgold and Rose Bampton. Your Almanac says that's heresy. Bing is the first to make some of those dignitaries sound human . . . Senator Fishface was born twenty-nine years ago today in Amarillo, Texas, and his parents christened him Elmore Vincent! . . . Ramon Ramos opens tonight at New York's ultra swank Ambassador Hotel.



Tony Manero, winner of last year's national Open. Can he repeat this year?

JUNE 17, 24, 1937



Marion Barney plays a beloved radio character—Mrs. Young of Pepper Young's Family.

YOU hear Marion Barney today. She's Mary Young, the mother who combines all the best qualities of every mother that ever lived, in Pepper Young's Family. Marion was born in San Francisco, went to college at the University of California, and then went on the stage where she played with George Arliss, Margaret Anglin, and other great stars. A few years ago, after she had gone into radio, she was offered the part of George M. Cohan's wife in that smash stage success, "Ah Wilderness," but she turned it down because she liked radio better. Marion is married and her favorite food is anything at all that has cheese in it. Her hobby is gardening.

June 24. Tonight there will be a big occasion in the Ozzie Nelson Hollywood home. David Ozzie, Jr., is just eight months old and mama will celebrate, though papa is still on his way west. Harriet Hilliard (mama, of course, to junior) is working in RKO's "New Faces" with Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus and Joe Penner and that's something to look forward to seeing . . . Tonight, on CBS, you hear Kate Smith for the last time until September when she comes back to the same time, with the same show, but with a new sponsor . . . Fred Waring and Phil Harris, bandleaders both, are opening birthday presents this early summer day . . . and glamorous night! Guy Lombardo opens at the Waldorf roof. You must come via CBS.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: Music; News
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue
1:15
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Special Edition
1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
4:00
CBS: Melody Revue
NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's
4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon
4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
5:15
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
5:30
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:30
Press-Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Blue: The Stainless Show
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
8:00
CBS: Broadway Varieties
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:15
NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam
8:30
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Louis Armstrong
NBC-Red: Waltz Time
9:30
NBC-Blue: Coronet
NBC-Red: True Story Court
10:00
CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall
NBC-Red: First Nighter
10:30
CBS: Babe Ruth
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Arthur Godfrey

Fools talk much and say little; wise men talk little and say much.

MAY 28, 1937

HERE'S a gala day whether you like dance music or symphonies. All the dance bands are settling down into their summer spots, and tonight there's a bumper crop of openings—Nye Mayhew, who has a new band nobody knows much about, is opening at the Glen Island Casino, broadcasting over Mutual. Nye must be good, because no less a person than Hal Kemp manages him and arranges his playing dates . . . The Hudson-DeLange orchestra, which will go down in history as the outfit which started the vogue of "Organ Grinder's Swing," will keep the crowds at Playland Beach, Rye, New York, happy tonight and every night from now on. Your radio will have to tune in on the nearest NBC station to keep step . . . And for CBS tuner-inners, there's still another first-night — Shep Fields, the Rippling Rhythmer himself, at the Surfside Beach Club, Atlantic Beach, Long Island . . . To wind the list up, Happy Felton goes into the William Penn Hotel, in Pittsburgh, and you listen to him on Mutual . . . Jerry Cooper has hit his stride as the new male star of Hollywood Hotel, and if you haven't got around to listening to him yet, tonight's your chance . . . Leave the radio tuned to the same station, and you go right from Hollywood Hotel to the Philadelphia Orchestra's first broadcast on its old series since returning from its coast-to-coast tour . . . Birthday greetings to Charlie Winninger.



Shep Fields brings Rippling Rhythm tonight to your local CBS network station.

JUNE 4, 1937

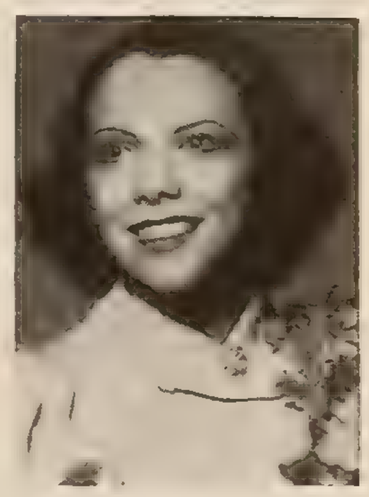


First Nighter's new star, replacing Don Ameche, is London-born Lester Tremayne.

WELCOME tonight to a new star. Lester Tremayne makes his bow in radio's toughest job—successor to Don Ameche on the First Nighter programs. Barbara Luddy continues as the leading lady of these exciting tabloid dramas . . . Lester's one of those actors who were practically born in a theatrical trunk. His mother was Dolly Tremayne, a movie star in England before and during the war, and Lester was born in 1913, a little more than a year before London became a target for enterprising Zeppelins. One of his earliest recollections is of the time he huddled in a darkened room, waiting for a bomb to drop on the house. It was almost the end of the war when Mrs. Tremayne took Lester and his younger brother to the United States, where Lester grew up and went to school. He first went on the stage, but has been in radio since 1932, starting as an announcer in a Chicago station. Motoring, he thinks, is more fun than anything in the world, and his idea of a vacation is to drive six thousand miles in two weeks. He isn't married . . . Tonight may be your last chance to listen to Jack Denny's orchestra from the Drake Hotel in Chicago, over NBC and MBS. Jack followed Paul Whiteman into that opulent tavern, on a four-week contract, and tonight is the last night of the contract period . . . Don't forget your 9:30 session with the True Story Court tonight over NBC. These true life dramas become more interesting every week.

JUNE 11, 1937

SCHOOL in your town will soon be out for the summer, if it isn't already, and you'll be faced with the job of keeping the children busy all day. Here's a tip for Fridays particularly, but for every other week-day too. Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady, comes along at 5:15, E. D. S. T., Friday afternoons, 5:30 other afternoons; and on Fridays she lengthens her program to a full half-hour, with one of her famous music-stories. These are the plays she has listed for producing in the next month, though not necessarily in this order: "Jack and the Beanstalk," written by the Singing Lady with music arranged by Milton Rettenburg; "The Cobbler and the Fairy"; "The Story of Sigurd," an original play by the Singing Lady; and an adaptation of Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin" . . . Guaranteed to keep any youngster quiet, or is yours different? . . . Tonight, Jimmie Fidler brings you the fourth in his new Friday night series—same time, same network as his Tuesday newscasts. You simply can't keep up with what's happening in Hollywood unless you listen to James Marion Fidler—nor can you keep up on Hollywood's radio doings unless you read the master's own column in this magazine . . . Your convenient baseball bulletin: Washington vs. Chicago on WJSV, Washington; Boston vs. Detroit on WWJ, Detroit; Chicago vs. Phillies on WCAU, Philadelphia, except for rain.



The Singing Lady's Friday programs are twice as long as her shows on other days.

JUNE 18, 1937



A new time's forecast for Louis Armstrong, the famous trumpeter of Harlem.

THE noisiest program on the air—that's what the critics called it after its first broadcast, anyway—is recommended for you tonight. Louis Armstrong, Eddie Green and an all-colored cast cavort for your pleasure on the Blue network at nine o'clock. It's their next-to-last time on this hour, because on July 4 they move bag, baggage and trumpet into the show which now stars Ozzie Nelson and Bob R. Ripley. This is definitely a promotion for the boys from Harlem . . . You may not like swing music or a lot of noise in your radio shows, but you have to admit the Messrs. Armstrong, Green, and the rest get more fun out of performing at a mike than any twenty white stars you can name. "Ol' Satchmo' "—that's Harlem's name for Louis Armstrong—just loves to play the trumpet . . . Leave your set tuned in to the same station you hear Satchmo' on, and you get Deems Taylor and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. Nobody would ever expect a music critic and composer to turn radio star, but that's what Mr. T. has gone and done. His comments on the Philharmonic Symphony broadcasts last winter were twice as entertaining as some of the music. Now up he bobs on a commercial program, demonstrating what a lot of fun can be had with music, and acting as if he'd been born under a microphone. It's very peaceful, after the Armstrong show—but Deems will fight if you say it's more highbrow.

SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY
By Burns and Allen

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely stooges.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Your Home and Mine
NBC: Press-Radio News

10:05
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Charioteers

10:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: The Vass Family

10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Red: Manhatters

10:45
NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis

11:00
CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory
NBC-Blue: Madge Marley
NBC-Red: Our American Schools

11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Home Town

11:30
NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Romances

12:00 Noun
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins

12:30
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
CBS: George Hall Orch.

1:05
NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble

1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Federation Music Clubs

2:00
NBC-Blue: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo

2.30
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies

2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone

3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Red: Walter Logan

3:30
CBS: Dept. of Commerce Series
NBC-Red: Week End Review

5:30
CBS: Vocals by Verrill
NBC-Blue: Bert Block Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: Top Hatters

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
NBC-Blue; NBC Home Symphony
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell

6:45
CBS: Tito Guizar
NBC-Red: Religion in the News

7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel

7:30
CBS: Universal Rhythm
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Hampton Institute

7:45
NBC-Red: ABC of NBC

8:00
CBS: Professor Quiz

8 30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Merdith Willson

9:00
CBS: Grace Moore
MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches

9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Shell Show, Joe Cook

10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes

MAY 29, 1937

WHAT'S the program for the week-end? Have you had the car oiled and filled up for that jaunt into the country? Switch on the dashboard radio and here we go . . . First, there's the opening day at the Davis Cup tennis meet at historic Forest Hills, to be broadcast on all networks. But don't get too interested as you drive. It's heavy traffic today and that guy ahead has some fancy driving up his sleeve . . . The hotels are freshening up with new bands tonight. Charlie Dornberger replaces Guy Lombardo at New York's Roosevelt. Hear his music on the Mutual system. These stations also give you Bert Block from the Statler Hotel in St. Louis . . . From the world's largest ballroom, Chicago's Aragon, come the strains tonight of "Summertime," which—as if you didn't already know it—is Bob Crosby's theme song. It's opening night for Bing's kid brother . . . Before all this dance music starts, tune in to Grace Moore and Vincent Lopez from Hollywood . . . Lopez traveled all the way out there just for this program. He disbanded his orchestra in the East, taking only a few members with him and picking up the rest out West. La Moore will probably finish her radio season the last week in June . . . At 9:30, New York time, right after Miss Moore, switch to NBC's Red network station nearest you and hear Joe Cook interview another large batch of guests on the Shell Show.



Bing's kid brother Bob Crosby is a big shot in the dance-band world tonight.

JUNE 5, 1937

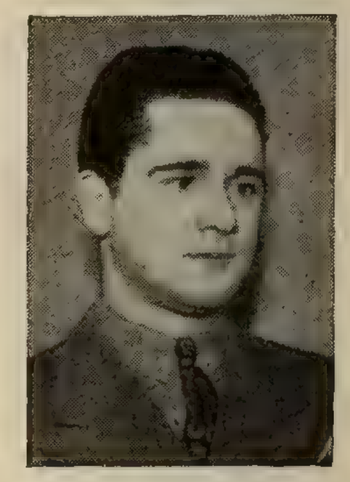


Jack Graney used to play baseball before he became announcer on WHK, Cleveland.

BIG doings afoot in Oslo, Norway—and Your Almanac means afoot, because there's a parade and public dancing. It's Norway's Oslo Day, which means as much to the small boys in Oslo as the Fourth of July does to your son. There are carnivals, speeches and all sorts of popular festivities, and NBC is bringing them to you intact . . . In our own country, baseball again rules undisputed by everybody except the weather man as king of the sports calendar. For Cleveland and its radio radius, Jack Graney is well into his fifth season of describing Cleveland Indian games into a WHK microphone. Jack knows what he's talking about too; he played left field with the Indians when they won their only pennant back in 1920. . . On many stations of NBC's Blue network (though not on all of them) there comes a half hour of real pleasure for all you question bee fans, for at 7:30, New York's time, Uncle Jim brings you his version of this popular new radio fad. Uncle Jim is Jim McWilliams, now a church elder at his home in Virginia Beach, and formerly a partner of Frank Crumit when he toured in vaudeville. With your head buzzing with questions, switch right over to CBS, where Professor Quiz holds forth. There's a mystery about the Professor. He won't allow his picture to be taken and he has a clause in his contract prohibiting any personal publicity. Your Almanac believes he is a big business executive.

JUNE 12, 1937

YOUR baseball schedules for today: In the American league, Washington at Chicago, New York at St. Louis, Boston at Detroit, Philadelphia at Cleveland; in the National league, St. Louis at Boston, Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, Cincinnati at New York, Chicago at Philadelphia; in the International League, Syracuse at Rochester (and it's a double-header), Buffalo at Newark, Montreal at Baltimore, Toronto at Jersey City. All of them—need your Almanac add?—weather permitting . . Turn your radio on early today for Richard Maxwell and his Songs of Comfort and Cheer on CBS at 10:15 Eastern Daylight Saving time. He's a radio singer who likes tropical fish and always wanted to be an ichthyologist, but plenty of fans are glad he never achieved his ambition. Born in Mansfield, Ohio, he was the son of a singer and an artist. Before he found out what an ichthyologist is (all right, it's a scientist who's an expert on fishes) he wanted to become a social worker or a doctor. But from the time he sang at church socials at the age of a year and a half he was destined to be a singer. He attended several colleges, from many of which he was sent home for being class clown, but finally he ended up winning a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's a radio veteran, having made his debut in 1923 and his CBS debut in 1928. Before that he'd been a chorus boy in musical comedy at the age of 21, and worked at selling real estate.



Gil Gibbons is the observer who helps Graney call all the plays right for you.



Newspaper man and announcer, Ty Tyson does baseball honors for WWJ in Detroit.

JUNE 19, 1937

IF you're still enough of a kid at heart to wish you didn't have to go to work on your birthday you'll be glad today for Virginia Payne. You know her better as Oxydol's Ma Perkins. This is her birthday, and it is also one of the days in the week she doesn't have to work on the air. Ma Perkins in real life is only 27 years old. Born in Cincinnati, Virginia is the daughter of John Lewis Payne, a physician, and when she was four she registered her disapproval of acting and actresses by walking out on Maude Adams' performance of "Peter Pan." Two years later she began to study elocution, however, and found that acting was more fun than she'd thought, and harder work besides. She is twice a college graduate, holding both an A.B. and M.A. degree from the University of Cincinnati. Before she was out of school she was working at station WLW and also on the local stage. One of her leading men with the Stuart Walker players was movie star Tyrone Power, but he wasn't famous then. She created the part of Ma Perkins when it was a local WLW serial, and moved with it to Chicago and the networks in 1933 . . . Two more birthdays to celebrate are Guy Lombardo's and Emil Coleman's . . . Your day's baseball schedule includes Chicago-New York, St. Louis-Washington, Pittsburgh-Boston; New York-Cincinnati, Philadelphia-Chicago, Detroit-Philadelphia . . . Always, remember the weather permitting.

ANOTHER FIRST! Radio Mirror Brings You the True, Exclusive Answers to the Most Important Questions of the Month

why

FRED ALLEN'S Through with Radio
LANNY ROSS is Quitting Show Boat
SHOW BOAT is Going Hollywood



Cap'n Henry — Lanny Ross — Fred Allen

By NORTON RUSSELL

THERE'S revolution in the air, and open rebellion's the order of the day. Soon—though you listeners aren't supposed to see behind the curtain of publicity headlines that has been drawn across the war-torn scene—the second most popular comedian will be gone from the radio scene forever (he insists), a grand old favorite, one of the first of all big programs, will have bedecked itself with new frilleries, and a young tenor whose voice you've learned to love on his Thursday night program will be gone, to what he hopes are greener pastures.

No one knows what is really in a star's heart, but when you hear him talking to his best friend, you can pretty much get the general idea of what's going on inside him. That is why I can tell you that Fred Allen is through with radio, for reasons which, in spite of your dissappointment at losing him, you can understand and sympathize with.

On the other hand, everyone on Radio Row has known for a long time about Show Boat's troubles—the lengthy conferences, the carloads of cigars consumed over the writing and rewriting of scripts, and the hundreds of auditions. All have had just one purpose—to keep Show Boat afloat! And now, Lanny Ross is really quitting—walking ashore for good—and Show Boat's going Hollywood! With a bang! New guest stars, new story, new actors, and one familiar, dearly loved face. Charlie Winninger, the one and only Cap'n Henry, is coming back.

That's revolution enough, rebellion aplenty, for any radio season. And it leaves questions that have to be answered, questions involving two of your favorite entertainers and one of your best loved programs.

Why, first of all, is Lanny quitting Show Boat?

The answer to that question lies in just three words: to justify himself.

When Lanny got his first big chance, on that same Show Boat program years ago, he was an unknown youth. He was not a star, but only the tenor singer on the show, a member of the cast. As Show Boat grew more popular, Lanny's personal popularity kept step. Then came the day when he stepped into the starring role. It was Lanny Ross' Show Boat now.

As Show Boat changed, so did Lanny. He grew older, less carefree; and he took new responsibilities upon himself when he married. He began to want to become a serious singer, and he worked and studied to master difficult songs —German *lieder* and operatic arias which could find no place on the light-hearted Show Boat programs.

Once, during those years with Show Boat, Lanny appeared in a moving picture. Even his friends had to admit that his performance left much to be desired, and that experience left a mark on his character which has remained. He set to work studying acting as well as music and made a silent vow that some day he would return to Hollywood and wipe the slate clean of that early failure by turning in a smash acting performance.

Now all those years of work and study have combined with the gradual change in his (*Continued on page* 78)

WHO CAN *Grace*



A. L. Shafer-Columbia Pictures

FOR THE FIRST TIME A GREAT STAR MAKES FULL CONFESSION OF HER WORST FAULT— AND DEFIES ANYBODY, EVEN FATE, TO FIND THE WAY TO STOP IT

By

JACK SHER

Grace Moore today is the same high-tempered girl who ran away from her dull school life, and got a job as singer in a Greenwich Village cafe. She still insists on her own way.

CALLING Grace Moore a little bit temperamental is like calling the Atlantic Ocean a nice little body of water. The Atlantic can be very friendly and accommodating when sun and wind and tide are right. It can make you forgive it for the times when it raises the dickens—but if you don't forgive it, the Atlantic doesn't care. Nor has it ever been known to stop raising the dickens. In all of which Grace Moore resembles the Atlantic Ocean.

There are temperamental stars, hard-to-handle stars, short-tempered stars and downright aggravating stars—more even than you would suspect. But there are almost no stars who will sit down and admit they're like that.

Grace Moore was smiling sweetly the day she admitted it to me. She was sitting in her luxurious New York apartment, in an exquisite flowing red gown. She looked very gentle, very mild, very calm. The same kind of beautiful calm that makes sailors run up storm warnings.

"I have always been hard to handle," she said. "I've often been accused of showing temper, and it's true. I know that

TAME Moore?



When Hollywood buzzed with rumors that Grace was losing her voice she was really ill—but she defied her doctor's orders twice and emerged triumphantly, able to sing as well as ever!

I'm temperamental. But," she shrugged, "what of it?"

What of it? What of the ships lost at sea? What of the many brave souls asleep in the deep? What of the Coast Guard? Any number of people could have told Grace what of it—her father, her old school chaperone, Claudette Colbert's husband, a couple of motion picture directors, three radio production men, and her own husband, to name a few.

Even me. Right about then, I could have told her what of it.

It had taken me just two weeks to get into what I began to call The Presence. She'd broken three appointments with me. I called up her apartment, and a voice which I knew good and well was Grace Moore's with artificial guttural overtones, answered, to tell me that Miss Moore was out. Later I called again, and asked to speak to her husband. The same voice said, "He's in Europe. Goodby"—and hung up.

So I went to one of her rehearsals—and was sorry because they wouldn't let me smoke closer than three floors away from the one on which Miss Moore (*Continued on page 73*)

BEHIND THE

RADIO MIRROR PROUDLY PRESENTS THE FIRST OF AN EXCLUSIVE NEW SERIES—A FRANK AND FEARLESS COLUMN BY THE MAN WHO DARES TO TELL MOVIELAND'S SECRETS

Editor's Note: *Seldom has any feature given this editor as much personal pleasure as this first of a series of articles by Jimmie Fidler,* RADIO MIRROR'S *new Hollywood reporter. All the biting honesty and searching truth of his radio broadcasts can be found in this exclusive magazine feature. This is Hollywood and radio unadorned, brought you by the man who never hesitates to tell the news you have a right to know.*

Because of the freedom of expression granted to Jimmie Fidler, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.

THOSE on the grapevine network are wondering out loud if any friendliness remains between Charlie Butterworth and Fred Astaire. Fans of the two read between the airwaves a growing dissension. Both are masters of their craft and those in the know whisper that Astaire can pick up a cue or step on a laugh along with the best of them. If you are looking for an open feud you'll be disappointed, but you might listen and draw your own conclusion.

* * *

SLUMMING around Palm Springs I found George Burns and Gracie Allen sunning themselves and their two kiddies during the first vacation they have had for three years. "We're between sponsors," chirped George. "Yeah," Gracie came back, "we got ten days to go from soup to nuts." George corrected her: "It wasn't soup, Gracie, it was tomato juice."

"Aw, what's the difference, you drink 'em both," came the typical Allenism.

* * *

SHIRLEY ROSS *knows* she's lucky. Some business matters in New York forced her to delay her trip west to work in the Ken Murray show. She canceled reservations on the transcontinental plane that crashed and killed all on board. She arrived in Hollywood a day late—but she arrived.

* * *

BOB BURNS has gone serious because a feminine scrivener who keeps tab on Hollywood and who is noted for making mistakes, rumored in her column that Bob might soon marry his secretary, Harriet Foster. Burns burned plenty at that, and he hotly denies there is romance in his busy world. Miss Foster was the closest friend of Mrs. Burns, who died last year, and she has been a pal of the family for years. When Bob goes where he should have a companion, he takes Miss Foster. It's too bad everyone isn't as honest as Bob is.

* * *

LITTLE Judy Garland has a watchdog on her stomach—well, maybe not exactly on, but never very far away. When she sang a fan song to Clark Gable over the air, Clark heard it in his hunting camp, so he sent Judy some venison steak, which her mother wouldn't let her eat. And the other day I saw Judy and her mother coming from rehearsals in the NBC studios. "May I have a nickel, mother, for an ice cream cone?" I heard Judy ask. The answer was "No." And Judy makes a thousand a week!

* * *

THESE amateur radio performers bob up in all sorts of unexpected places. Last week Haven MacQuarrie went into a Hollywood store, selected a pair of brogans and handed the clerk a check. The clerk eyed the signature, gulped a bit, and said: "Gee, Mr. MacQuarrie, I'm on your show next Sunday."



Is Fred Astaire smiling at the rumors that there's dissension on his show?

Is Charles Butterworth also shushing these rumors? But read what Fidler says.



Jeanette MacDonald's appearance on Hollywood Hotel surprised even Gene Raymond.

HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By JIMMIE FIDLER



The author caught in one of his rare moments of relaxation. He is heard on Tuesday and Friday nights over NBC's red network.



Hyman Fink

How does Louella Parsons, the guest star arranger for Hollywood Hotel, get those movie great to appear without pay? It's supposed to be a secret, but Fidler knows the truth.

LOUELLA PARSONS has broadened her domination of filmland to include radio, and woe be to those who dare to flout her authority. A few of the brave have tried it, but "Lolly" rarely comes out second.

Some time ago, La Parsons invited Jeanette MacDonald to appear on Hollywood Hotel—gratis, to be sure, for Louella draws a fat fee for influencing film stars to appear on her program without pay. But, the Metro singing star nearly sent "Lolly" for the smelling salts when she said she would be glad to appear for $5,000. Now this was *lese majesty,* no less, and from that time on the name of Jeanette MacDonald was conspicuously absent from the widely syndicated column of Dame Parsons.

Then the other day came word that Jeanette would be Louella's guest on Hollywood Hotel. "What happened?" mused those who keep an ear to the ground for the latest dirt. It would set a dangerous (to Louella) precedent to pay a film star to appear on a Parsons program.

Those who know the worth of publicity can see $5,000 of value in the nice things La Parsons is saying about Jeanette now in her Hearstian screeds. It was a case of cash or trade and apparently Louella is paying Jeanette's price —but not in cash.

* * *

I LIKE to find people who don't go high hat when they get up with the gods. Don Ameche is that kind of fellow. While Don's been adding hosts of new friends by skyway and picture, he hasn't forgotten those of the days when the Ameche stock was lower. He often entertains those "who knew him when." Right now, his guest is Mark Tobin, who went to school with him in Wisconsin. Don makes lots of friends—and keeps them.

* * *

SINCE Jack Oakie added "president of Oakie College" to his list of accomplishments, students of various universities have been firing all sorts of questions at him. One from Yale asks: "Do wine, women and song rule the world too much?" Oakie says these questions are getting him down.

* * *

MANY of Milton Berle's fans may believe Jolly Gillette is actually the daughter of the sponsor, but they find it harder to believe she is only ten (*Continued on page* 82)

RAINBOW'S



Even at the age of eleven, Don was a star performer. He won the junior championship in basketball. When the picture above was taken (he's the one in the middle), Don was attending Berchman's Academy, in Marion, Ohio.



Don's saintly expression in the picture above, at the age of seven, is one that always signaled trouble for his teachers.

When just a tiny baby, Dominick Amici was a trial to his father and a continual source of trouble to his mother.

THIS story could happen only in America.

Picture an extremely decorative young man, with hordes of friends and feminine admirers. He is an alumnus of four college campuses. He dresses like Esquire and is somewhat of an epicure, dining in a different café each evening. Lucky in love—and everything else he touches.

If this were fiction, you'd be sure by now that it concerned a millionaire's son; especially if you had looked at his photograph. For Don Ameche looks exactly as the scion of a wealthy family should look but seldom does. It is hard to believe he was born without a silver spoon in his mouth, a poor man's son.

B y

THE END





BEGINNING—THE INSPIRING LIFE STORY OF DON AMECHE, WHO FOUND THE PATH TO FABULOUS FORTUNE

With fame and fortune his, Don Ameche can relax in his beautiful California home and marvel at his success.

But this happens to be a fact story, the true life story of the son of an Italian immigrant who worked years as a day laborer, finally supporting his large family as a saloon keeper in a small Mid-western town. Thereby hangs a tale —a tale, which, we repeat, could happen only in America. And one in which radio plays an important part.

Don Ameche's father, Dominick Felix Amici, was born and raised in a small village north of Rome, Italy. At the age of twenty, with practically no luggage or money, but with great expectations, he came to this country to seek his fortune.

He never found that fortune, except in terms of happiness. But his son was destined to be radio's first true matinee idol, and to find the pot of gold at the foot of the movie rainbow while still in his twenties.

The elder Amici worked in coal mines and iron works and stone quarries all over the East. His work finally took him to the coal fields at Springfield, Illinois. There it was he met and fell in love with a pretty fair-haired girl, a German-Scotch lass witn a quaint name—Barbara Etta Hertel. Today Barbara Etta is "Mama" to their eight children, and looks not a great deal older than their oldest daughter. She can put before her husband as savory a bowl of spaghetti as though she had been born in his native Italy. It was one of the first things he taught her.

Soon after their marriage, they migrated to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where, thirty-odd years ago, Mr. Amici ran a small grocery store. Like most Italians, he planned for a large family, and he wanted to provide well for them.

A daughter named Betty was the first born. Two years later, Don arrived and was christened Dominick Felix, after his father. (Not until years later, when he began his career, did he change his first name to Don and adopt the phonetic spelling of Amici.) Passage of another two years brought another son, Louis; and it became (*Continued on page 70*)

DOROTHY ANN BLANK

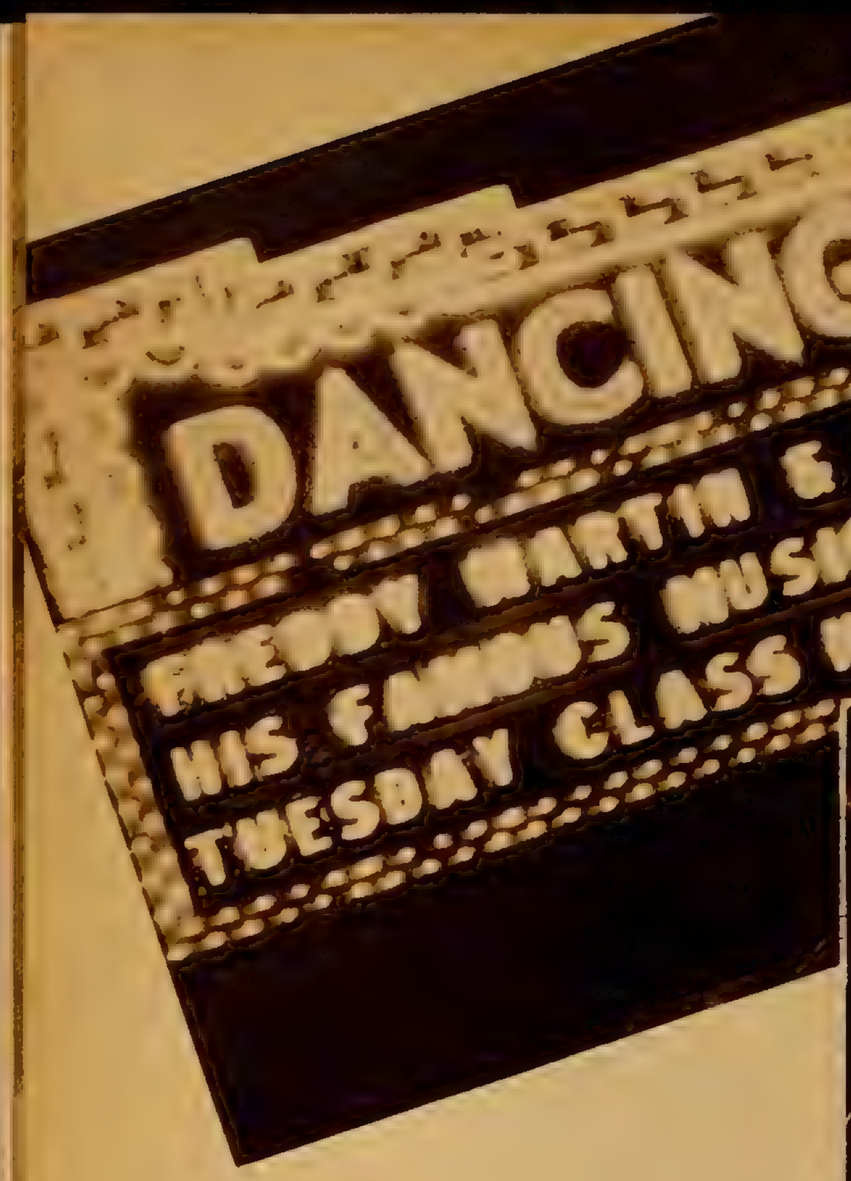


Lovely Mary, fresh from movies, made her radio debut on Paramount on Parade over NBC.

DOROTHY LAMOUR

Glamorous Dorothy, fresh from radio, has become one of Paramount's best new picture bets.





Above, this sign on the Aragon's marquee is an invitation to the shy, lonely or inexperienced dancer who has no partner. These pictures are all actual scenes taken at a recent class night.



Amid ornate surroundings, dancers hurry to check their wraps and be ready when the instruction starts at 8 o'clock sharp. These girls came alone, but will probably end the evening with escorts.



Above, the amateur instructors who show the latest steps are known as the 400 club. They are turning in their free passes. Strict attendance and behavior are required of them.

Before the







Instruction over, dancing begins. Stephany stops blundering couples (above) and shows them how; while (right) a girl 400 member rescues a beginner.

Above, a 400-er basks in the glory cast by his membership badge, which lets him dance with anyone he likes.



After checking in, the men and women line up on opposite sides of the dance floor. The lines meet and form a Grand March; then move aside to wait for instruction.





Above, the Aragon even hires a first-class professional teacher, Walter Stephany, who, with the aid of 400 Club members, stands in the middle of the floor to demonstrate the new steps.

Broadcast

RADIO is responsible for an amazing American institution—Chicago's Aragon Ballroom. Built ten years ago, it became famous at once for its dance music broadcasts and when Wayne King began a five-year engagement, listeners stormed the doors in such numbers that a sister dance palace, the Trianon, was opened for the overflow. Tuesday draws the biggest crowds, for Tuesday is Class Night, Chicago's most unique vogue. Tuesday patrons get ninety minutes of free dancing instruction from four hundred expert amateurs who are paid for demonstrating the latest steps by being admitted free. Romance blooms in this atmosphere of chance meetings, and last year class nights fostered twenty-five weddings.

Photos made especially for RADIO MIRROR *by Wide World*





Left, the broadcast begins, and dancers put into practice all they've learned. Above, a bride and groom who first met at Class Night in 1936.

WHEN HOLLYWOOD

1931



When Rudy Vallee toured the South he saw in plain little Frances Langford of Lakeland, Florida, a possible star. Above is the chubby face of the small-town girl who sang on the Vallee Hour, February 12, 1931.



Frances had just arrived in New York when this picture was taken. Rudy saw what so few others ever do—a glittering future for an eighteen-year-old blues singer just out of high school. Another Vallee appearance, June 18, and then—





Left, Frances' transformation was complete by the time she was in "Broadway Melody of 1936." From ordinary looks and restrained cars, she went in for glamor and this type of custom-made, streamlined sports model.

SEE FRANCES LANGFORD'S AMAZING SUCCESS

WAVED ITS MAGIC WAND





Three years of radio stardom made Frances rich but it remained for Hollywood to bring out the beauty of her face. Her real transformation began in 1934 when she sped West to sing on Hollywood Hotel, sharing honors with Dick Powell.

Her success on the new program was sensational and immediate. Walter Wanger put her under contract and she got her first expensive car. Then Wanger sent her over to MGM for her first big musical picture.





Above, a house accompanied her second car, in the best Hollywood tradition. Built on a lovely estate, it's complete with badminton courts. Right, the finished product—fame and beauty hers in six incredibly brief years.

STORY COME TO LIFE IN THESE PICTURES

RADIO—

Instrument



A FAMOUS WRITER AND NEWS COMMENTATOR TELLS IN THRILLING WORDS HOW THE NEXT WAR CAN BE PREVENTED

WAR is nothing but an admission of the fact that nations get to the point now and then where they cannot talk to one another except with guns.

If you are old enough, you can remember how it was in 1914, when that fatal shot was fired at Sarajevo and war exploded over Europe. We know now that no government wanted war. No people wanted war. Diplomatic notes flashed back and forth between the European ministries. Kings and statesmen telegraphed to one another. But all appeals, all pleas were vain. Reason was moribund. Passions were alive.

Not one government, not one king or statesman, knew how to speak words that carried conviction. What one government said, another treated as a lie, or a sly hypocrisy. Since there were no words that carried the accents of truth, the guns had to talk—and the guns talked destruction. Yet many students of history believe even that monstrous conflict could have been averted if the European telephone in those days had been the highly perfected instrument of communication it is today.

If it were even barely possible that a modern telephone system could have prevented war in those tense days of July, 1914, how much more possible is it that today's radio can become some day a truly great instrumentality for peace.

Do you wonder how a medium of communication can save the whole world from forces which would tear it to pieces? When you understand what causes wars, the real underlying reason behind them, it will be obvious that radio some day may be the blessed

of Peace



U. S. Official

—and providential—p e a c e m a k e r of mankind.

It will be obvious, too, what an important part the women of the world will play in averting another world tragedy, because they are by nature disposed to peace, rather than war. They are the ones who suffer most through war.

Remember, too, that the people are more nearly in control of all the great governments of the world today than ever before. Even the so-called dictatorships exist only because the people allow them to exist. The king business has pretty well gone to pot. Kings and queens who once held power "by divine right" are practically gone from the face of the earth. They are entirely gone from the Western world.

The people of America, France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, do not want to go to war. But their nations are disputing one against the other. Everywhere, the nations are like armed camps—distrustful, suspicious, nervous, frightened, ready at any moment to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. Each nation is consumed with its own problems, and indifferent to the problems of other nations.

Long ago, a wise French philosopher said, *"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"*—to understand all, is to forgive all. Another philosopher expressed the same idea when he said you cannot hate a man you really know. The late Elihu Root once told me that peace would come when the peoples of this earth really got to know

(*Continued on page* 64)

BY EDWIN C. HILL

Mr. Hill broadcasts the news for Lucky Strike on Mondays through Fridays, on CBS, at 12:15 p. m.

Temperament—or simply fright? They were one and the same for Jean Harlow, right. She wasn't able to get conviction into her lines, until the Lux director talked to her in movie language.



M-G-M

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich, below, has her "moods"—which all movie directors know and respect. When one of them popped up at a Lux rehearsal it didn't last two minutes, for a very good reason.

Paramount



AT LAST—THE LOWDOWN ON LUX THEATER'S SECRET BATTLES WITH THE STARS, TOLD BY THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WINS THEM

By RUTH GERI

DANIEL IN THE

ONLY a few options ago, as time is reckoned in Hollywood, a radio producer was as self-effacing as a lady movie star's husband. If the darlings of the screen thought of him at all, they thought of him as a young man with a stop watch and an insatiable desire to interrupt their art for plugs of his sponsor's product. Furthermore, he usually committed the cardinal sin of earning less in a year than they earned in a month. Then along came Frank Woodruff, dynamic supervising director of the Lux Radio Theater.

A short, stocky young man with a leonine mass of black hair and a soft Carolina drawl, he cracks the whip over



RKO

Frank Woodruff, Lux Theater's director, in circle, is a miracle-worker with headstrong stars. He even got Ginger Rogers, left, to turn in an outstanding performance in a play she didn't like at all.

Appealing to her sense of humor is one way to lick a star's temperament. Woodruff found that out when Claudette Colbert, below, threatened to hold up an entire rehearsal over a line she didn't like.



Paramount

LIONS' DEN

filmdom's pets—and makes them like it! He is blandly indifferent to big names and six figure incomes. He takes in his stride outbursts of temperament that would send seasoned picture directors scurrying for the smelling salts.

Marlene Dietrich's "moods," the importance of Paul Muni, Joan Crawford's nervousness—all are a part of this young man's daily work. For him, stars come and go. A new show each week. New names. New manifestations of temperament. He has a lot of headaches, but the show always goes on.

No stage or movie director ever had tougher handicaps to overcome in dealing with his stars than this young man. He only gets acquainted with them at the first rehearsal, which must usually be held at night, when the stars are worn, weary and nervous after a hard day on the movie lots. Combine this fact with the condescending attitude the stars take toward a youthful radio producer, and you have an obstacle it (*Continued on page* 76)

ONE Wednesday evening last month a girl with violet-gray eyes and hair the color of a newly-minted penny stepped out of the wings of the Hollywood Music Box theater and up to a CBS microphone. A minute later she had poured a new personality voice out upon the air.

If you were tuned in on the new Campbell Soup program that night you heard Ken Murray introduce her as—"the one and only Shirley Ross!"

Ken wasn't kidding. Neither am I when I second the motion. Only Ken meant one thing and I mean another. He meant there was only one Shirley Ross whose husky, full, low-registered voice has a way of taking words and music and making them sound as if they'd never really been sung before.

I mean Shirley Ross is the one and only actress in Hollywood who has fought her way to top success in two mighty tough leagues, movies and radio, through the biggest flock of jinxes that ever ganged up on a girl.

It was just a song she sang that night, but it was also a farewell, she hopes, to a run of hard luck and heartbreaks that has haunted her career from the day she first tried out before a camera lens

Shirley started out to be a concert pianist but Hollywood changed her plans.



A GALLANT HEART AND THE HIGHEST COURAGE AT LAST HAVE BROUGHT HER THE REWARDS SHE RICHLY DESERVES

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO MEET

until, well, only a few days before her debut on the air.

Just a few hours before the red light flashed the start of another Hollywood coast-to-coast program Shirley Ross sat with me at late lunch in the Bamboo Room of the Hollywood Brown Derby. I say late lunch because it was three o'clock and we were supposed to have lunched at noon. But you know how it is backstage on the opening day of a new air-show. Time doesn't mean anything. The show's the thing. Calls for "another dress . . . let's iron out that last medley . . . not enough sock . . . all right, let's do it again . . ." And before you know it such mundane matters as food and rest are forgotten.

I had seen Shirley sing into the box so many times that I wondered if any voice would be left for the evening's show. I'd seen her sit down at the piano and painstakingly go over each bar of her number until every inflection, every breath, every note was round and perfect. Obviously she was taking no chances.

At lunch I learned why. Along with a whole lot of other things about this amazing girl whose even more amazing career has had more ups and downs than a jockey in the Grand National.

It all began not long after Shirley Ross came out of Hollywood High School, still calling herself by the name they'd given her back in Omaha, Nebraska—Bernice Gaunt. The Gaunts had moved from the Middle West because their young daughter wanted a career. Hollywood seemed like a good place to prepare for it.

It wasn't a movie career she wanted. She was to be a concert pianist. But even if Shirley and her parents had known then that it was a screen and radio career she'd eventually seek, I doubt if they would have changed their plans. They wouldn't have guessed in a million years what everyone in Hollywood knows to be a fact. That any Hollywood girl who tries to crash a picture career is behind the eight-ball six deep before she starts.

Why? Don't ask me. I can't tell you. No more than I can tell you why when one movie star dies, two more will die before the month is out. Death strikes in threes—you can't crack Hollywood from the inside. Superstitions? Sure, but superstitions that seem to work, somehow.

When you mention this to Shirley Ross today she laughs and says, "How silly!" And maybe she's right. Just the same, trouble was piling up. Only a girl with courage and brains and a drive like Bill Tilden's old forehand wallop could have crashed through.

The first time Hollywood became aware of Shirley, enough to build her up so it could bat her down again, was when Gus Arnheim, the dance band maestro who used to pay Bing Crosby's salary, picked her out of the University of California at Los Angeles. He moved her into the



While singing in a cabaret, Shirley was signed for movies, but it took radio to lick the jinxes that pursued her.

Paramount Photo

Shirley Ross

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, then a big favorite of the movie crowd. It was only a matter of days until a big-shot saw her and she was signed, sealed and delivered to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Shirley was as surprised as anyone. You see, she still didn't have the slightest intention of taking a serious crack at the movies. She still wanted to be a concert pianist, and as for her voice—that to her was a big joke. She had a trick double voice—she still has—a natural high soprano, and a husky, low-register blues voice. But she couldn't and still can't slide from one into the other. The job with Gus Arnheim was a lark, that's all. Now she was signed up to sing—and she couldn't really sing; to act, and what did she know about acting? All she knew was how to play the piano.

Right then things might have stopped, and the screen trade papers might have printed an item like this: "Metro Drops Co-Ed Canary." Only the Hollywood jinx likes to build up for an awful let down. An M-G-M executive saw Shirley hanging around the lot doing a whole lot of nothing. He saw her going to all the studio schools of dramatic technique and voice culture and this and that, but not getting a chance to show what she could do, not getting any seasoning or breaking in in the only thing that brings talent out or kills it—performance.

"Give me this girl," he suggested. "Let me take her East for a few months and I'll (*Continued on page* 53)

PERSONALITY



CHATTERBOX ARLENE—A new way to radio success was found by Arlene Harris, left, the rapid-fire comedienne on Al Pearce's CBS program Tuesday nights. Her husband's really a doctor, and after a hard day at the hospital he used to enjoy her impromptu comedy monologues. Then the depression came and Arlene decided to capitalize on her talent. She went to Los Angeles' Station KFWB, auditioned, and was put on a sustaining program. When Al Pearce heard her he put her under a long-term contract. She thinks up all her own gags and never listens to rival comedians for fear she might unconsciously be influenced.



CANTOR'S HELLO GIRL—Eddie's contest for a name for his chattering telephone operator is over and Helen Troy, who plays her role, is now called Saymore Saymoore. You may remember Helen as the girl who played Sally of the Cecil and Sally broadcasts. She was born in San Francisco December 22, and has been in vaudeville since she was three. She's been in movies too—her last picture was MGM's "Born to Dance." She's married and has two children, Troy, 14, and Jane, 10, and a cocker spaniel, Susie, who goes everywhere with her. In spite of her job on Eddie Cantor's Sunday night show, she's scared to death of telephone switchboards. Her favorite occupation is watching passersby.



PRETTY KITTY KELLY—You'd never believe it from her perfect Irish accent, but Arline Blackburn, left, who plays the role of Kitty, was born in New York City. Arline was a full-fledged actress before finishing her education. At the age of two-and-a-half, she appeared with Lionel Barrymore in "Copperhead." When she was fifteen she left the stage for a while and finished her schooling. In 1929, she made her radio debut on the True Story Hour. Arline's pet hobby is collecting toy dogs, and she says the most exciting moment in her life was when she was called to take Claudette Colbert's place in a radio play.

CLOSE-UPS

JUDGE HUGO STRAIGHT—He's the one who says "Who's excited?" on the Community Sing broadcasts, Sunday nights. His real name's Tommy Cecil Mack and his birth-place is in the Bronx, political hotbed of New York. That's why he feels at home in his character of Judge Straight. A song plugger for Leo Feist at the age of eleven, he took up splits and kicks behind the footlights. He even did a dance routine once with George Raft. Tommy has two dogs which he picked up in the street and trained to go in an act with him should he return to the stage. Eddie Cantor introduced him to radio in 1934. He's married to a Palo Alto girl.





CHILD STAR JUDY—You probably first paid heed to Judy Garland when you saw "Pigskin Parade." It's hard to believe she is actually only thirteen. Now, Judy is going strong on the air singing in Jack Oakie's CBS program Tuesday nights. She began her career almost as soon as she was born in Tennessee to Frank and Ethel Gumm, vaudeville people. Her early ambition was to be an attorney, but she lost it when her two older sisters formed a trio with her and worked at the Chicago World's Fair. Without employment at the age of twelve, Judy went to MGM and demanded work. She got it, making her film debut in a short. She's Sophie Tucker's protégée and thinks chocolate cake is swell.



GRACIE'S COWBOY DICK—Right, the lusty young baritone on Burns and Allen's NBC program is Dick Foran. He's played cowboys in movie after movie, but really he has never been closer to a cowboy's life than his youthful days in Flemington, N. J., when he rode a Shetland pony. He attended Princeton University, but left school to go to New York and have a whirl at radio. It didn't turn out so well, and he set out for Hollywood, where he had three screen tests. Nothing happened so he went back to New Jersey—to find a contract at the Fox lot waiting for him. That was in 1934, and this is his first big radio job.

THE STRANGE WAY BOB BURNS FOUND HIS SON

WHAT fate takes away with one hand, she sometimes returns with the other. Somehow, the ledger is balanced, the accounts kept straight, the eternal law of equality observed.

It has been that way with Bob Burns. From his greatest tragedy came his greatest happiness. In one soul-shattering day his whole life was changed. It was the day he lost his wife—and found his son.

Bob's friends knew, and sympathized, when his wife died, only a few months after Bob had begun to make enough money to insure her a good, comfortable home. But they would never have known, never been able to sympathize, if he had been unable to avert the second tragedy that threatened him that same day. For it was on that day Bob learned for the first time that he and his fourteen-year-old son were strangers. He had left his son entirely to the care and companionship of his wife, the boy's mother; and now the mother was gone, there was no meeting ground for the boy and the man.

Bob has never told anyone but me the story of how he faced that realization and conquered it. If it hadn't been for Bob's early days in Hollywood, when no one except a few friends knew who Bob Burns was, I would never have heard it either. Bob was stranded in Hollywood, doing a very little radio work and even less picture work, and he used to come up to Lew Ayres' house in the evenings to talk.

He'd sit around by the hour—Lew, Ben Alexander, Bob, and I—talking about everything under the sun, just good friends. He was cheerful and pleasant then, just as he is now, even though he sometimes didn't have the twenty-five dollars for the rent on his house when the first of the month came around. Not that he ever let us know that. He never spoke of his private affairs—in fact, it wasn't until months after I'd met him that I knew he had a wife and child to provide for, as well as himself.

Bob isn't one to wear his heart on his sleeve. He wasn't then, and he isn't now—now that comfort and financial security and fame have replaced the poverty and obscurity of those old days. But neither is he a man to forget a friendship, and when I told him I wanted to write this story for everyone to read, because I believed it was something everyone *should* read, he agreed to let me.

Less than a year ago, Bob's wife died, as you know. The girl who had stuck with him through years of poverty, of knocking about from carnival to vaudeville circuit to circus to movie lot to broadcasting studio back to carnival again—she died just after success had at last come into her husband's grasp. With a life of ease and happiness ahead of her, in her sight, she died, still young.

It was a brief illness that took her. Bob, Jr., had said good night to her, that night she was taken ill, and gone to bed in his own room. He didn't hear the sudden stir in the house, the arrival of the doctor, the whispers—and, at four o'clock in the morning, the abrupt hush. He was asleep.

He still slept, through the cold hours before dawn, while his father sat in that other room, beside the quiet form on the bed, alone for the last time with the girl he had loved and married.

Little Bob woke early, to see his father standing beside his bed. "Come on, son," he said. "Get dressed. Your mother—isn't feeling so well, and we're going out to get breakfast."

It was a great event even in Bob's young life. He hadn't been out with his father, alone, more than half a dozen times since he could remember. The sun was shining, it was a beautiful day, and his father was going to take him to a real restaurant for breakfast!

They went to the Roosevelt Hotel, to a room filled with sparkling silver and glass, smoothly clean linen, and bowing, respectful waiters. Bob ordered a huge breakfast, and didn't even notice that his father had nothing but orange juice and coffee.

"Are we going back home now?" Bob asked after breakfast, but his father hesitated and then said:

"No, let's drive out to the beach. I've got to—let's just spend the day having a good time by ourselves."

Never before had anything like this happened to young Bob. His father had always been too occupied with his own business and his own friends to spend any time with him. He was happy, but one thing bothered him. At last he gave in to his conscience: "I guess I better be getting to school," he said.

"Never mind, son," said his father. "I'll write the teacher a note for you tomorrow." (*Continued on page* 88)

IT TOOK HIS LIFE'S GREATEST TRAGEDY TO HELP HIM FIND THE LOVE OF A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY HE HAD NEVER REALLY KNOWN

By DICK MOOK



Paramount Photo

THE STORMY BLACK



Above, Phil in a scene from one of his most successful shows, "Artists and Models."





Above, an actual broadcast shot with Phil making faces at the rest of the cast and putting aside his script to ad lib an unrehearsed line.

Left, the girl in whom Phil has found his life's first real contentment. Peggy Cartwright Baker became a mother for the third time in March.

LIFE STORY OF A SHEEP

By DAN WHEELER

DIVORCE AND COSTLY PARTIES, A FRESH BEGINNING WITH A SECOND WIFE, THEN RADIO AND — HAPPINESS AS PHIL BAKER COMES TO THE END OF HIS RAINBOW TRAIL

Conclusion

PHIL knew, when he married Vivian Vernon, that marriage and the theater don't mix. He'd even vowed, beforehand, that he'd never marry. But somehow when he fell in love he forgot his convictions and his vows in the optimistic belief that things would be different for him.

Things weren't different for him. They were precisely what he'd been afraid of.

He and Vivian returned to the United States after a three-month stay in Europe to find that his parents had forgiven him for breaking his promise not to marry, and that there was a good part waiting for him in the Greenwich Village Follies, which was soon to set out on tour. There was no part in the show for Vivian, though—nothing but a place in the chorus.

It bothered them both, to have Phil starring while his wife was only one of the chorus girls, but they wanted to be together and they didn't feel they could afford, just then, to pay Vivian's traveling expenses, so she took the job. It worked out fairly well, while they were on tour, but when they returned to New York a year later Phil made the first big, irreparable mistake of his married life.

He was to star in the Music Box Revue—the gayest, wittiest, most glamorous musical show of the year—and once more they offered Vivian a place in the chorus. But this time Phil refused. It had been barely possible to have his wife in the chorus of his starring show on tour; on Broadway it was inconceivable. A star simply does not allow his wife to linger in the ranks while he takes the spotlight.

Vivian had wanted to take the job. With feminine directness, she saw no reason for Phil's attitude. She was a show girl, and not ashamed of it. They had their first quarrel, but Phil stood firm, and the Music Box Revue opened with Mrs. Phil Baker sitting in a good orchestra seat instead of dancing in the chorus.

The quarrel did not last, of course, but the resentment in Vivian's heart did, and it added to the boredom of a life in which she had nothing to do while her husband's days were filled with work and applause. She stood it for a few months. Then she joined the chorus of the Follies.

That was really the end of their marriage, although outwardly it continued for another two years. You can't say it was the fault of either one of them. They were both too young to realize what was happening until it was too late. Life went on, and then, one day, they woke up to the knowledge that their interests and their thoughts and their friends were not the same, that they had nothing in common except that they shared an apartment and sometimes saw each other at breakfast. And—what was worse than anything else—that they didn't care. There had been love between them, but somewhere, somehow, it had gone.

Their separation came three years after their marriage; their divorce two years later.

At first, after the separation, Phil went to live at his club. He was through, he declared, with both marriage and women. He was going to devote himself entirely to working hard and becoming the greatest star of the American musical stage, and nothing in the world was going to get in his way again. For six months he steadfastly rose early in the mornings, worked out at a gymnasium or rode in the Park, practiced his accordion and worked on new comedy acts, appeared at the theater, came straight back to the club for a brief drink with whatever other members happened to be around, and went to bed soon after midnight.

For the first month it was all right, and after that it got progressively more awful. He began to dread going up to that lonely room of his, and he grew to hate the sight of the men he saw night after night at the club. And his program didn't seem to be doing his career much good, either. His work was dead and without sparkle.

Finally he gave it up, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. He took an apartment and became New York's party man. Every night, after the performance, his apartment was filled with people—some of them slight acquaintances, many not even that. Phil provided the liquor and sandwiches, and there was never any lack of guests to consume them. At least, now, he never had time to think that he was unhappy.

There was one girl who used to come in now and then, not so often as some. She was different from the rest—young, red-haired, with a calm, sweet face and eyes that seemed to look at the truth without fear. She'd been at his apartment several times before somebody told him her name was Ruby Stevens, and that she was a hoofer in a Broadway chorus.

One night she sat down beside Phil. "Why don't you tell us all to get out?" she asked. "You're not really having a good time."

"I'm not? Do I look so bored?"

She looked around the noisy, smoke-filled room. "No. But I'd hate to think you *were* enjoying yourself, with all this."

You couldn't pretend, with this girl. "I'm not," he admitted, "but it's better than sitting alone, doing nothing."

She nodded, as if she understood perfectly. It was the first time in years, it seemed to Phil, that anyone had spoken to him frankly and sincerely. They became friends—affectionate, unsentimental, not in (*Continued on page* 65)

THE WORLD LOOKED ON THEM AS FAILURES BUT THE BARN DANCE MADE THEM STARS BY PROVING ONE SIMPLE FACT

Below, Uncle Ezra has practiced what the Barn Dance preaches for more than twenty years. This program taught Henry Burr and Sally Foster, above, how to find success the only lasting way.





To Be

TEN years ago a dinky little radio station in Chicago went on the air for the first time. Their studios were nothing more than a garage, and appropriately enough, their very first broadcast was a barn dance.

Today that radio station, WLS in Chicago, is one of the most powerful outlets in the middle west, and the little old hayloft broadcast which they inaugurated has become the National Barn Dance, a favorite feature over the NBC Blue network every Saturday night from 9 to 10 p. m., EST.



By
LYNN BURR

Lulu Belle and Scotty, left, wanted to be everything but what they really are. A child put Joe Kelly (below) on the right path.

Be Yourself!



Behind the steady growth and progress of the National Barn Dance is a story, not of one man, but of many; not of one or two entertainers, but the blending together of many personalities, making a radio show which is powerful enough to possess a character of its own, a subtle force which preaches in bold letters, "Be Yourself!" It has dictated to every person who takes part in the show's presentation, it has made such stars as Tony Wons, Ruth Etting, Sally Foster, and many more, and it has built the National Barn Dance from a local, one horse program, to a Saturday night dial setter from Maine to California.

Perhaps you doubt that a radio program can possess a personality, like a human being, but it's true. And in the case of the Barn Dance, it's a pretty good personality, too. It believes that the lasting things in life are the simple things, it believes the old songs are the best, but that a good modern tune, swung with lowdown rhythm, is good for the soul, too. It shuns anything superficial, striving for humanness and a closer relationship with the soil, the real foundation of the American people. But of all, it says, "Be Yourself!"

This last characteristic of the Barn Dance is the thing which has made it successful, which has changed the course of Henry Burr's life, of Sally Foster's, Lulu Belle's and Scotty's, of (*Continued on page* 84)

"I'M NOT *Forgetting*"

By DON BESTOR

Mod^to (Lightly)

I'm not for-get-ting the ap-ple you gave me at school, The

smile that you gave me too, I'm not for - get - ting the lec - ture for

break-ing the rule when I was to blame not you. We're both just a bit old -

- er and times seem to have changed. Look all a— round you and



EXCLUSIVE TO READERS OF RADIO MIRROR! WORDS AND MUSIC OF DON BESTOR'S LOVELY THEME SONG, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE

COPYRIGHTS — Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

see as I do—— Ev'ry thing's en - tire - ly dis - ar - ranged.—— I'm

not for - get- ting the day that I left you a - lone and now I am aw - fl'y

blue.—— I love you tru —— ly I can't for— get it.

And I still re-gret it 'cause I'm not for— get — ting you.

FACING THE MUSIC

A ROMANCE, A THRILLING COME BACK, AND THE NEWEST NEWS—THEY'RE ALL PART THIS MONTH OF THE TRIP BACKSTAGE TO RADIO'S DANCELAND

THERE'S a new personality on the air these days—a versatile fellow who sings, leads an orchestra, and writes all the material for his own program. His name is Jack Berch, and he's the star of the CBS Fels-Naphtha program, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at one o'clock.

Jack was born in 1908, in the very small town of Sigel, Illinois. His father ran the Sigel general store, and Jack must have inherited his knack for salesmanship as well as his mother's love of music, because he started out in life as a musician, switched to salesmanship, and now combines both professions.

While he was in college he washed dishes and played the drums in a dance band. There wasn't enough money in either occupation, so he took to selling tea and coffee from house to house in Youngstown, Ohio. He did pretty well, too, and got to know every back door and every housewife



He's the ladies' Singing Salesman, Jack Berch, who sells his wares over CBS, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Read his romantic story.

Wide World

Hoffman

Edith Holder, above, is the new attractive blonde singer on the Mutual Broadcasting System, who's heard Monday and Thursday afternoons.

By KEN ALDEN



A striking candid shot of Frankie Masters, directing the new Edgar A. Guest show, "It Can Be Done," on Tuesday nights over NBC.

in town. This knowledge came in handy when he landed a job as announcer on the local radio station. When he announced a number he'd dedicate it to one of his tea-and-office customers, which made business just that much better.

Now that he's a network star, he still looks upon himself as a salesman first of all. Every word he writes for his program is designed to please the housewives he used to sell tea and coffee to back in Youngstown—and the thousands of other housewives like them who listen in to him today. He thinks, in fact, that his door-to-door selling was what taught him to be worth his sponsor's money.

* * *

ASK any veteran maestro and he will tell you that if you don't keep up a good front and get your name before the public, radio and its fickle public will soon forget you. That is why the majority of our tune titans hire press agents, use costly advertising in trade papers so that Radio Row won't forget them.

But the unusual story of Angelo Ferdinando, long a favorite ether conductor, contradicts all these traditions. Ferdinando not only dropped out of the radio picture, but changed his name and fired his band.

He was tired of temperamental musicians who were easily susceptible to flattering offers from rival orchestra leaders. He was fed up with the hypocritical hangers-on who said they were his friends. Oh, he wasn't through, not by a long shot. He'd come back, he vowed, but with a new outlook on life and a real band.

True to form, radio did forget Angelo Ferdinando, now known to a few intimates as Don Ferdi. He began wandering around the broadcast studios listening to bands. He visited a number of universities, talked to young undergraduate musicians, told the sincere ones of his new idea.

While the Duchins, Davises, and Dennys monopolized the spotlight Don Ferdi mapped out his Three-Year-Plan.

Finally Ferdi announced the time was ripe to inaugurate his new band. He quietly consulted NBC officials. Then he recruited a fourteen-piece (*Continued on page* 68)



Joy Hodges, left, and Penny Gill, right, tell you how to get that Hollywood tan.



Beauty's PLACE IN THE SUN

ARE YOU AFRAID TO GO NEAR A BEACH IN SUMMER? THEN THIS WAS WRITTEN FOR YOU

NOT long ago, no matter how hot the weather, ladies trailed about in veils and petticoats, protected by frilly parasols and huge hats from the sun. The belles of bygone days languished in shady nooks and sparkled only when evening came, their white shoulders fully exposed to nothing more glaring than glamorous candlelight. But freedom for women has brought about one unexpected result! Today, we know how much more attractive the glow of health and vitality can be. Beauty has truly found its place in the sun, part and parcel of the gaiety and camarderie and surpassing loveliness of summertime.

But there's a technique for beauty in the sun. Nowhere in the world have they developed that technique so completely as in Hollywood, where (*Continued on page* 90)

By JOYCE ANDERSON

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her"



"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

HERE'S A NEW SUMMER DIET WITH WHICH YOU CAN LAUGH OFF THE WORST HEAT-WAVE AND KEEP DOWN YOUR WEIGHT AT A TIME WHEN IT NEEDS THE MOST CAREFUL WATCHING

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

COOL OFF with COLD CEREALS



Pretty Betty Wragge, who plays the part of Peggy in the Pepper Young Family, poses in her new shirred, two-way stretch, cotton print suit.

HAVE you got spring fever? Don't blame it all on the weather. Watch your diet and you can snap your fingers at a soaring temperature.

It's a simple diet trick that you need if you feel lazy and listless, for the chances are, though you've gone from winter woolies to summer silks, you haven't thought of changing your eating to warm weather foods.

So change now to a summer diet and see the difference in the way you feel. And, just in case you want more convincing proof, I've discussed this subject with Betty Wragge, the beautiful and energetic young star of Pepper Young's Family, the girl with the intriguing voice who takes the part of Peggy.

Now Peggy really has two jobs, the five-day a week broadcast and the job of understudy for the feminine lead in the successful Broadway play "Dead End." It takes stamina to keep going, especially when New York lies stagnant under hot and humid air. (*Continued on page* 72)

You Really Ought to Meet Shirley Ross

(*Continued from page 37*)

bring you back a star."

Shirley was in New York when the first big chance came. On Broadway at the Capitol with George Jessel. For weeks she had been playing the smaller cities of the Middle West and East, "breaking in" and learning plenty about show business and what it takes besides looks and luck and a lingering wish to make good in the toughest racket in the world.

When she hit the Big Street she was pretty good.

Cole Porter saw her and came backstage. He was hunting for someone to do the Ethel Merman part in "Anything Goes" in London. He told Shirley he wasn't hunting any more. He wanted her.

London! Europe! Big time in the biggest city of the world. Imagine how a bright ambitious kid not half way through college felt about a break like that. Imagine what it meant. Shirley wired the studio in Hollywood. They would say "yes," of course. It was to their advantage. A London success would make her worth something to them.

A wire came back. It said, "No."

It said "No" because—and Shirley could hardly believe her eyes—because "Broadway Melody" was about to start and they'd need her for the big singing spot! Come back at once!

LONDON was forgotten. She had made good at home! She was a star in the biggest M-G-M musical of the year! The plane couldn't fly fast enough.

But when she landed in Hollywood he met her—that man—the fellow with the ghostly grin, Mr. Hollywood Jinx in person.

While Shirley was on her way to the big break, it had vanished like a magician's rabbit. The studio had decided to make "Melody" a dancing picture. They'd found a new star. Her name was Eleanor Powell.

So she was back, lost again in the wilderness that can swallow up a young hopeful like nothing else in the world, a big Hollywood studio with too many already established stars.

The next time was even worse. Because all of Hollywood was in on it.

Henry Duffy was staging "Anything Goes" at the El Capitan on Hollywood Boulevard. The El Capitan is the best Hollywood can do about the legitimate stage. Whenever a show clicks on Broadway a carbon copy, sometimes a little fuzzy, plays at the El Capitan.

Duffy borrowed Shirley for the lead. The show was a hit. Shirley was terrific. For weeks all you heard around Hollywood was Shirley Ross. Her own studio raved and the air was thick with big plans. The show went to San Francisco and Louis B. Mayer himself showered Shirley with wires telling of special musical pictures they were dishing up for her.

But when she came back to town there was that jinx man again with his big wide grin. Somehow the plans all tumbled like a stack of blocks. Once again she slipped back into an obscurity that lasted until option time came around. Then it was the old familiar story. Closed. Dropped. Finished—at twenty-one! You can't crash Hollywood if it's your own home town.

Any other girl but Shirley Ross would probably have done what most other local girls have done when the Hollywood haunt got them. Left town, hunted a job somewhere else and then tried to come

Three guests were there...and so was a GHOST!



GUEST #1 Sue saw the ghost when she picked up the tea napkin. A dull, dingy shadow! "People will whisper, if Madge doesn't get rid of this ghost," thought Sue. But she said—nothing!



GUEST #2 Betty saw the ghost—lurking in the curtains. The same dingy shadow—"tattle-tale gray." "Poor Madge!" thought Betty. "She'll never get rid of this ghost if she doesn't stop using lazy soap. Her clothes are only *half*-clean."



GUEST #3 Then Laura saw the ghost dimming a lovely towel. And *she* spoke up! "Change to Fels-Naptha Soap the way I did, Madge. Its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get clothes so clean and snowy, there isn't a chance for tattle-tale gray. So why let it linger in your house—when it's so easy to chase it out?"

COPR. 1937, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



back. But when you talk to Shirley you realize right now that you're talking to a girl who's not the runaway type.

"I had spent a lot of time learning a lot of things," said Shirley grimly. "I was darn' certain they were going to give me a career now—or else!"

She not only stayed in Hollywood, she stayed at the same studio. Her guardian angel, who had taken her East, Bernie Hyman, went to bat. "You've got talent," he said, "and I'm going to prove it!" Though her contract had expired, he found a spot for her in "The Devil Is a Sissy." It took munching a healthy portion of humble pie to ask for another chance, but it would be worth it if she could show 'em.

Shirley had no idea what the jinx was cooking up for her.

She was two weeks along in production. Film shot, still portraits made, wardrobe fitted. Then it happened. Over at Paramount "The Big Broadcast of 1937" was having star-trouble. The singing star, half way through the picture, didn't work out. Paramount, looking around desperately for a substitute remembered Shirley in "Anything Goes." They got in touch with her. Would she do it?

"No," said Shirley. "I won't. I can't. I'm doing a picture."

"But," they argued, "this is your big chance!"

Shirley didn't believe that. Last year's "Big Broadcast" hadn't been so hot.

"Read the script, anyway," they pleaded, "We're sending it over."

WELL, when she read the script, there wasn't any question about it. She had to do it. It was made for her. It *was* her big chance. But—

No demon could have dangled a more mocking morsel before her eyes. She had to, but how could she? Signed for a picture and doing it. Signed because a friend who believed in her had personally pleaded for another chance. How could she throw him down, now? How could she even dare mention walking out on his picture? And yet—

Paramount had to know that night by seven-thirty. Yes or no. Even if she could, even if by some miracle they'd let her walk out on a picture in production, would it be the thing to do? Suppose "The Big Broadcast" was a flop. M-G-M would never let her on the lot again! Then she'd really be through!

If the Hollywood jinx was chuckling to watch Shirley Ross stew on that maddening spot, the chuckle died in his throat.

She looked him in the eye and tightened her lips and made up her mind to gamble everything. She was through fooling. She would end her bad luck or else. She went to her friend, Bernie Hyman. "This is it, Bernie," said Shirley.

"How do you know?"

"It's got to be it," she told him, "Can I do it?"

If he thought she was crazy, he didn't tell her so. And Shirley will always love him for that. "I'll see what I can do," he said.

It was late afternoon then. Not until seven twenty-five did he talk the studio into the unheard of—releasing an actress in the middle of a picture to do a part for another studio!

Five minutes before the deadline Shirley Ross dialed Paramount Studios.

The next morning without any preparation, she went through ten pages of dialogue and a couple of songs. "I don't know how," she told me, "I was in a daze for three weeks. Jack Benny kept telling me funny stories and kidding me out of my nerves, or I'd never have made it."

You know what happened! "The Big Broadcast" was a smash hit. After three

long years, Shirley was on her way, without any local Indian sign hanging around. You know the rest, how she followed through with "Waikiki Wedding," certain to be one of the year's big popularity sensations. How Ken Murray grabbed her for his new Campbell program and a radio success that looks as big as anything Hollywood can offer.

But what you don't know, perhaps, is that just a week before she answered her cue on the Campbell program she was telling them she couldn't do the show! That jinx again, or at least his shadow, hovered around the start of her air career.

Shirley had already turned down a solo spot on Shell Chateau. Then she had fought for a radio clause in her contract, and finally she got it. But when the Campbell offer came, Adolph Zukor, that grand old man of films, called her into his office.

"You'll worry," he told her, "about this radio program and it will hurt you in pictures. Worry photographs."

"I won't worry," said Shirley, and she wasn't speaking to Zukor, but to that old familiar ghost leering over his shoulder. "I'll just work, like the devil!"

That's bad news for any jinx. That and what they used to call sand. Shirley has plenty of that, too. She showed that the first time she hit Broadway. At the Capitol she started to run off the stage after her first number, tangled her toes in the mike cord and fell flat on her face. The heavy mike crashed down on her head and she was out like Lottie's eye. When they brought her to, the audience was still clapping. Her knees were buckled under her like Leon Errol's and the house was just a tossing sea of blurred faces. But she did her encore and then collapsed.

AND, closer to home, I remember a time not too long ago when her personal world crashed about her head. When, only hours apart, her engagement to Hank Fonda broke up, and her best friend, Ross Alexander's wife, Aleta, committed suicide. No one knew then, or will probably ever know, just how both personal tragedies rocked her to the roots of her being. They never knew because the next day she started an important picture with the pain hidden deep inside where a trouper has to hide it.

At twenty-three Shirley Ross has the looks and energy of a kid and the keen career-wise brain of twice her years. Calamity will have a hard time hooking a ride from now on. She has faith in her judgment. She knows when to say "yes" and when to say "no." She knows how to rise above disappointments. She knows how to separate her personal life from her career. She knows how to take care of herself. She lives with her folks and goes to bed at night instead of to Hollywood's night clubs. She was just old enough when the talkie panic struck Hollywood to learn a lesson from the stars who tumbled from paradise to the poorhouse; she's driving a Ford, but she's got a nice annuity all paid up.

Maybe a jinx isn't such a bad guy to have around after all.

But as I said, Shirley doesn't hold much truck with jinxes, Hollywood or otherwise. She's entirely too practical by now. So look at it her way:

"Of course it's hard to get a break in Hollywood," she assured me before she ran back to rehearsal. "The smartest pople in the world are in radio and movies. That's not your fault.

"But it is your fault," she added, "if you finally get your foot on the ladder and then let it slip off!"

Which, she inferred with a confident toss of her chin, she had absolutely no intention of doing.



● *"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?...You can't change 'em?...Say, that's tough!"*



● *"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"*



● *"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"*



● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth." ...Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs —Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours — instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature — your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands — eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world — by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Mabelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 8)

It doesn't happen that way in real life. The transition is too sudden. Why should it happen that way on a radio program if it is to be a vital, living thing?

MISS MYRTIS SEALE,
Lyon, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE

SHOULD THEY BE PUT OFF THE AIR?

These community sings, spelling bees, and question-and-answer programs are the most inane nonsense to be wished on the public in a long time. Why do sponsors think they can get away with such stuff? It's silly, foolish, and utterly disgusting. Who cares if New York is farther west than Los Angeles? Who wants to hear a thousand yaps yelling at the tops of their voices, and be told by some gullible announcer that they were singing? Who cares if some brat in some jerkwater town can outspell all the other brats in the country? Such programs should be put off the air. Like all novelties, they will soon wear out their welcome, but what can the public do until then? Nothing but turn off their radios.

THOMAS NATHAN PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE

IT'S AN EDUCATION!

I like spelling bee programs over the radio because they are educational and a necessity; we learn how to spell properly; we improve our vocabulary and correct our own mistakes. No matter what grade of spelling bees we hear over the radio, whether for young people or grown-ups, it's always interesting and educational. Give to me, at any time, spelling bee broadcast programs. I love them because they are also instructive and entertaining.

RODOLFO TOVANY,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

INVENTORS, ATTENTION!

It would be grand if an instrument were invented which could convey to some sponsors the volume of groans which rises from listeners grouped along the airlanes when certain nuisances are committed upon these sponsors' programs. The nuisances in question are as follows:

1. Applause in studios. Sponsors should listen to Kraft Music Hall program, and note that there is no studio applause permitted. This is one factor that helps to account for the popularity of that program.

2. Maladroit, stupid, obvious, bromidic manner in which advertising is worked into a program. For the reverse, sponsors should note how cleverly advertising is inserted in the Jello program.

3. Announcers who say, after introducing a celebrity, "Come on, let's give him (or her) a great big hand!" Even an Emily Post would feel, in such a case, like kicking the bird right where there is the most tension when he stoops over in his dress clothes.

FRED B. MANN,
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

A BOUQUET FOR "LET'S PRETEND"

Why doesn't Let's Pretend get more attention and publicity?

Although they are put on for the children, I never fail to enjoy these programs. The boys and girls playing the roles

are, in my opinion, as good as some of the older actors, if not better. Their programs go along as smoothly as any of the big network shows.

I have not talked to a person yet that has heard the program who doesn't fully enjoy it.

So I repeat. Why doesn't Let's Pretend get more credit for all its splendid child actors and clever plays?

Miss Florence Harris,
Steubenville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

A DISAGREEMENT

In your April issue of the Radio Mirror, Mrs. G. T. Rowland wrote of her annoyance at many well known radio programs, wishing to know whether they were getting inefficient, or old and lazy.

For example, I will take Mr. Cantor's program. When our dial is turned on his program we hear two children singing. It is a great pleasure to hear such angelic voices as those of Dianna Durbin and Bobby Breen. If this is thought to be inefficiency or laziness on the part of Mr. Cantor for letting such splendid talent on his program, I think the one complaining of such a program has no love for music or knowledge of it.

As for Mr. Cobb's, Mr. Hill's and Amos 'n' Andy's programs, I think they are more educational and interesting in the manner in which they are now carried out.

Ann Brady,
Exeter, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

"He who laughs last laughs best. Last summer I wrote to you commenting on the fact that Emery Deutsch's new Streamlined Rhythm was slightly terrific. I guess you didn't take me very seriously, because the letter never appeared in print. But recently that same Emery Deutsch was chosen from among thirty-five name bands for the swank Rainbow Grill in Radio City. And is he making a hit! Tune in sometime! Now do I get that last laugh?"—Marjorie Goetschius, New York.

"Believe me, advertising pays. I get so curious about things a good announcer raves about, I'm not satisfied till I try them."—Mrs. Iva Dunham, Masontown, Pa.

"Just a shórt criticism of two major programs: I'd give my Jack for Benny but I've had my Phil of Baker."—John Handford, New York, N. Y.

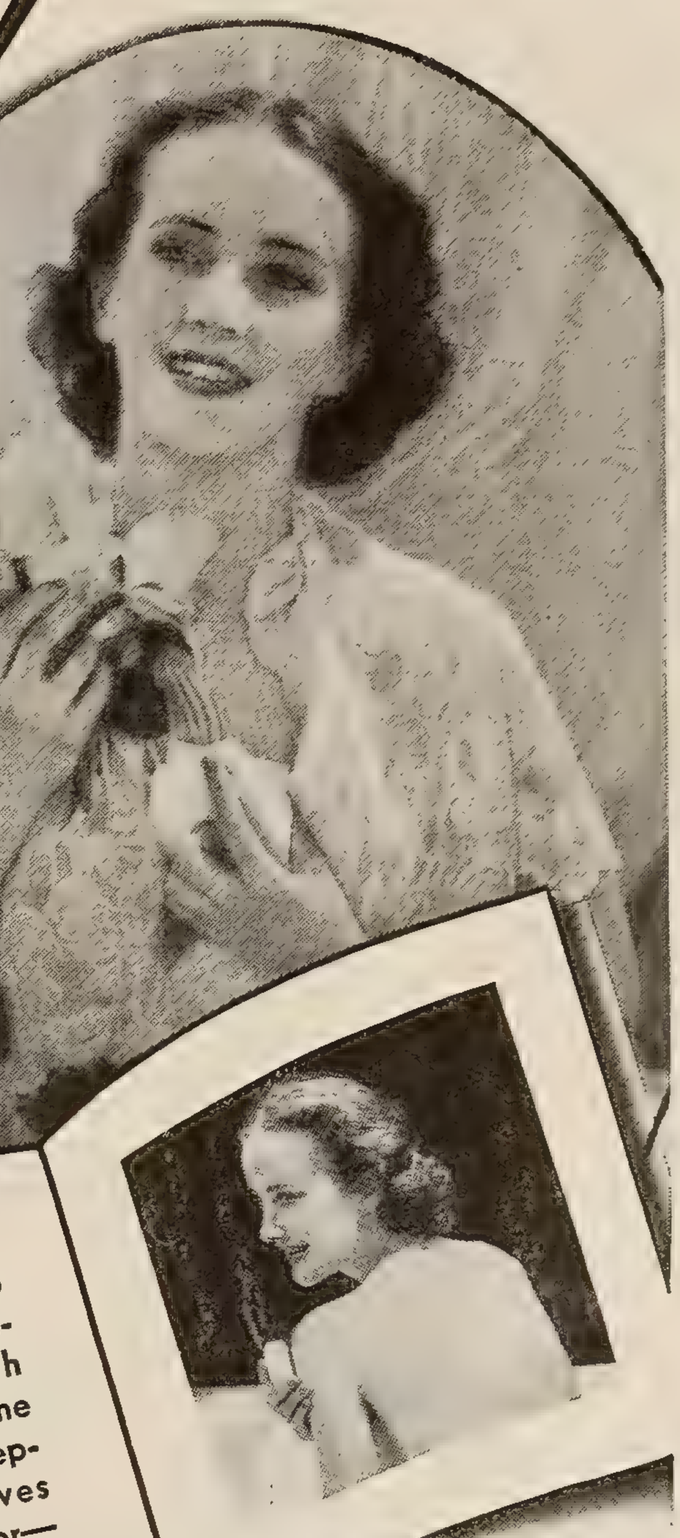
"It isn't his grand personality, or his thrilling voice that makes me admire Rudy Vallee, it's his contribution to radio. I am one of his many fans who enjoy his and his stars programs."—Florence Gansler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"May I express my opinion about the one and only Phil Baker? The Phil Baker brand of humor which he has been dispensing over the ether waves and also the footlights of the theater, has won for him many listeners. It is indeed a far cry from an East Side street urchin to reach the pinnacle of fame in the entertainment world. A brilliant wit, and clever jokesmith, and when Baker delivers a joke over the air, it clicks in spite of 'Beetle's' remark 'get off the air.'"—Wallace Hansen, Racine, Wis.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

Back in his heart again!

...SINCE I'VE LEARNED THIS "LOVELIER WAY" TO AVOID OFFENDING!



THE TEARS GIRLS WASTE before they learn never to risk offending! So a wise precaution is to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap whose deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor—leaves its lovely fragrance clinging to your skin.



YOU CAN'T BLAME MEN for preferring girls who guard their daintiness the lovelier way . . . with Cashmere Bouquet baths. Why don't you try this exquisite perfumed soap . . . see how its subtle, lingering fragrance keeps you alluringly dainty!

NOW ONLY 10¢



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



HOT WEATHER HINT!

Serve Delicious, Nourishing Franco-American Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy...costs less than 3¢ a portion

YOU can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They'll love it! It's simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it's ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meats into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 47
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

C. M. Buck, Toledo, O.—You can now find Professor Quiz listed in the Saturday column of the new RADIO MIRROR program guide on page 18. The reason it wasn't listed in the May issue was that the program was only on a sustaining basis then.

Mary Rogots, Akron, O.—I'd suggest that you write to Fred MacMurray in care of Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, California, for his photograph.

E. A. Brown, Grays Mills, Wis.—James Hall was on radio for a short time but left to appear in a legitimate show, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," which I believe is now on tour. I couldn't find very much information on James, except that he has one brother, is married and has no children. A letter addressed in care of the Theater Guild, New York City, New York, might reach him.

Mrs. D. C. Curtiss, Louisville, Ky.—The Oracle humbly asks forgiveness for erroneously publishing that Don Ameche never played the part of Bob in Betty and Bob. Upon digging up the old files, the secret was discovered. The reason you can't get Five Star Jones on the air any more, is that it has been dropped.

Geo. W. Burns, Hardin, Mont.—You can get in touch with Bud Linn by writing to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Jerry Cooper and Frank Parker fans, attention! In the February RADIO MIRROR, the Oracle stated that Annette Shreiar was President of the Harmony Club. This was a mistake. Annette is really co-president. Alice Alligood is the original founder and president and she would like to have some new members. So write to Alice in care of the East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville, North Carolina.

Helen Radzewick, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have just what the doctor ordered. You'll find a short story on Jack Berch on page 48. Write to Don Kerr in care of station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Edna Mulberry, Pawtucket, R. I.—Zeke Manners and his gang are real hillbillies. Zeke was born in Marshall, Arkansas, and they say that he was so musically inclined in his youth that he made his first accordion out of several old harmonicas. Zeke's present "Pappy" is played by Zeb Tourney and he comes from Joplin, Missouri; Ezra learned his three R's in Little Rock, Arkansas; Gabe Drake, nineteen-year-old singer comes from Claremont, Oklahoma. Ace Giddens and Hank Culpepper are cousins. Didn't you know that Jack Randolph was Jerry Cooper? However, Jerry has dropped that other name now.

Peewee Hunt and Kenny Sargent fans, attention! Theresa Daniels, 199 Caroline St., Derby, Conn., is interested in a Peewee Hunt fan club and Anna Vincent, 11 Hawkins St., Derby, Conn., is interested in a Kenny Sargent Club. How's about it?

M. A. O. Leary, Winchester, Mass.—I really couldn't answer all those questions at one time. I hope you'll be satisfied with just two for a while. David Harum and Andy Gump are played by the same person—Wilmer Walton. If you bought the June issue of RADIO MIRROR, you must have seen pictures of some of the David Harum cast. There were pictures of David; Zeke Swinney, played by Arthur Maitland; Susan, played by Peggy Allenby and David's Aunt Polly, played by Eva Condon. Bob White plays the part of Jonathan in the Story of Mary Marlin.

A Radio Fan, Buffalo, N. Y.—I'm sorry that I can't give you any more definite information on Stuart Churchill. He's in New York at present with several irons in the fire and as soon as a radio contract is signed, you may be sure RADIO MIRROR will print the news.

Miss Yetta Schwartzman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Gertrude Berg is not on the air at present. She just finished writing the script for Bobby Breen's next movie and will be in New York for about two weeks, during which time, one news sleuth says, a radio contract will be signed.

Catherine Mulligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I've forwarded your inquiry to James Melton and I hope he will answer your question as soon as possible.

The Westerners fans, attention! Anyone interested in Louise Massey or the Westerners are invited to join the club. For information get in touch with Agnes Kramer, 15325 Ninth Avenue, Harvey, Ill.

XYZ, Boston, Mass.—Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians are scheduled to make a picture but their radio plans have not been definite. However, you will be hearing them from time to time in guest spots.

Wm. Mitchell, Dayton, O.—Deanna Durbin just finished making her second moving picture entitled, "One Hundred and Twenty Men and a Girl." She's really only fourteen years old. Did you read her own story in the June issue?

Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Marion Talley.
2. Kate Smith.
3. Ginger Rogers.
4. "Howdy Stranger!"
5. Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
6. "Carefree," by Charles Henderson and Edward Heyman.
7. Harry McNaughton.
8. He is in London, where he is a successful radio and vaudeville performer.
9. Vaughn De Leath—and she's still singing, on NBC.
10. Olive White.
11. One—Mary MacArthur.
12. Yvonne—the only blonde sister.
13. Gabriel Heatter.
14. His father—because he didn't want his son to be a reporter.
15. Ed Jerome.
16. That the program is finishing exactly on time—"on the nose."
17. The abdication speech of King Edward VIII.
18. A sketch taken from the Broadway success, "Having Wonderful Time."
19. Phillips Lord.
20. Robert Simmons—he married Patti Pickens.

E. N., Hawi, Hawaii—Address Tommy Dorsey and Edythe Wright in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. James Wallington's address is in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Seventh and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.; the same address for Jerry Cooper, who is now on Hollywood Hotel. Address Ben Bernie and Pinkie Tomlin to the National Broadcasting Company, Hollywood, Cal.

Robert Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.—In addition to broadcasting work, Edythe Wright is singing with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the Commodore Hotel in New York City.

Josephine Kropkowski, Jersey City, N. J.—Ginger Rogers can be reached at the RKO Radio Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Bing Crosby fans, attention!—You are cordially invited to become a Charter member of the Bing Crosby National Fan Club, organized by its president, Bill Noonan, Jr., Lock Box No. 79, Brant Beach, N. J. The dues are very inexpensive and each member receives a membership card, a personally autographed photograph and biography of Bing, plus participation in other club activities. A year's subscription to the Bing Crosby News is also included. Get in touch with Bill Noonan if you wish to join.

Lillian Hall, Seattle, Wash.—Eddy Duchin opened at the Palmer House in Chicago, Ill., June first and is scheduled to play for dancers there during the summer months.

Ned, Springfield, Mass.—The part of Dick Huddleston is played by Lum. There are no other players on the Lum and Abner show. The boys take all the parts.

Myrt and Marge fans, attention!—Mrs. Edith Derickson, 238 W. 88 Place, Los Angeles, Calif., wants to know if there is a Myrt and Marge fan club. Lazy Dan who is Irving Kaufman, is singing over the Mutual Broadcasting System, Sunday mornings from 11:30 to 12:00. Tune him in on station KHJ. Address him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Peggy Woods, Chicago, Ill.—For a picture of Shirley Lloyd, write and ask her for one in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York; Kay Kyser and Horace Heidt in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Kay Kyser fans, attention! In case you don't know about it, there's a Kay Kyser Fan Club of Pittsburgh, being conducted by Miss Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKees Rocks, Pa. Get in touch with her if you want to become a member.

Miss Mary Wilson, McKees Rocks, Pa.—For information on Ted Weems, write to him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Miss Dorothy Chase, Glendale, Calif.—You certainly said some nice things about RADIO MIRROR so I'm going to be extra nice to you. Here's a brief biography of Jesse Crawford. He's called the "Poet of the Organ" . . . born in Woodland, California, December 2, 1895 . . . started to play the mouth organ at the age of three . . . he's stocky, has thick, dark brown hair and his snappy blue eyes are always smiling. He's married and has a ten-year-old daughter.

S. B. Stack, Jamaica, L. I., New York.—Russ Morgan was born in Scranton, Pa., on April 29, 1904. Russ always wanted to be an orchestra leader. His mother was a pianist who played with his father in vaudeville before he decided that the coal mines of Pennsylvania would present a more substantial sort of a living. Russ had a taste of the coal mines too before taking his first musical job as pianist in a Scranton movie house. He's six feet tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes. His hobby is saving old coins.

Vera Ayres, Oakland, Calif.—Here's what you've been waiting to know about Eddy Duchin. Eddy was born in Boston, the son of a druggist who thought his son would follow in his footsteps, but a chance engagement with Leo Reisman's orchestra ended that career and started him on his present one. He's married to Marjorie Oelrichs, of the society register.

Nelson Eddy Fans, attention! For information about joining the Nelson Eddy Club, get in touch with Mr. R. B. Wilkins, 2510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas. Details will be sent immediately.

Anna Marie Satek, Quakertown, Pa.—Nino Martini is not broadcasting now. He's in Hollywood. You can address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Seventh and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin fans, attention!—Percy E. Appleby of 421 Osborne Avenue, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, wants to know if there are fan clubs for these two young stars.

Joseph Stanko, Simpson, Pa.—For a picture of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, I'd suggest that you write him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. To get in touch with Jimmie Lunceford, address your letter in care of Mills Artists Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.





QUEST...
is completely effective
ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate the skin or clog the pores!

Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.

And Quest costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it today at any drug counter.



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(*Continued from page 7*)

More's Log Cabin Boys, and Grandpa Jones, daily soloist on the same station, got their feudin' idea from Logan County's famed Hatfield-McCoy feud or from the more up-to-date Winchell-Bernie and Fred Allen-Jack Benny shin-kicking matches, but anyway word comes from the Virginny hills that Shorty and Grandpappy "is a gunnin'." But there's a woman in this one and, what's more, they say "a Hobbs never fergits."

When Grandpa started showering "Cousin Emmy" daily with flowers, candy, and things, Shorty, in whose act Cousin Emmy appears, stood it just so long and then started polishing his shootin' irons. The grand finale took place in the recent WWVA Jamboree with Shorty and Grandpa the featured entertainers.

The winner? Nobody knows except Cousin Emmy, and when interviewed all she had to say was, "Phooey!" Better luck next time, boys.

* * *

MEET THE PICKARDS

When Dad Pickard's two-year-old granddaughter, "Letsy" Pickard, joined WWL's Happy Pickards in their nightly broadcasts, it gave the New Orleans station three generations of entertainers on one program. And three generations of good entertainers, too.

The Happy Pickards of today, with the exception of little Letsy who only recently became big enough to join her elders at the microphone, have been on the air continuously since 1928. And Dad Pickard started it all with his air debut in 1924. Born in the Tennessee hills back in '84, getting music out of fiddles, harmonicas, and mandolins "just came natural" to Dad, and listening to his first broadcasts immediately became a natural habit for many tuner-inners. His gifted versatility was a hit from the start, and it was shortly afterward that he was joined by his equally talented wife at the piano. That started him thinking. Why not have the whole family on the air? Consequently, 1928 found Dad, Mother, Bub, Ruth, Charley and Anne each adding talent to the popular Happy Pickards family programs.

Bub, Ruth, Charley and Anne not only sing but Bub also plays the guitar, Charley adds to the happiness with his musical jug, and Ruth is an accomplished accordion player. Dad, in addition to his mastery of the many instruments, can and does sing the "songs that never grow old," as they should be sung.

Letsy, christened Arlette, is the daughter of Bub Pickard and is known to her many listeners as the Angel of the Air. As far as WWL knows, she is the youngest singer who actually sings before the mike on a regularly sponsored program.

The Happy Pickards, who have been heard over coast-to-coast networks since professionally outgrowing their native Tennessee, are at present sponsored on WWL both by the Peruna makers and the makers of Kolor-bak. And with their three times nightly programs for a total usually of seventy minutes, their eager fans still call for more.

* * *

KFAB'S BUSY BEE

There may be busier people on the airwaves than pretty, red-haired Jettabee Ann Hopkins, the one-woman show on KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska, but we doubt it. Not only is she author of KFAB's popular program, the Jangles, but she also directs the sketches and acts most of the roles in this popular five-day-a-week program. And that isn't all. Miss Hopkins also writes and directs Babs and Betty on the same station and portrays one of the two leading roles in that interesting working girls' skit Monday through Friday.

How does she do it? Well, she says she's never thought about that. Just does it, that's all. But it all started this way.

Born in the western part of the Cornhusker state and coached from childhood by a talented and artistic mother, she graduated from college in Chicago and did her first radio work there under the direction of William Ziegler Nourse with the WMAQ players. Then followed dramatic and music teaching back in a home-state conservatory; five years of coast-to-coasting with summer Chautauquas; and winter tours with the Bob Pollard university players. All of which landed her in Norfolk, Nebraska, where she had her first fling at writing and presenting half-hour original plays over WJAG. Then came 1933 and her KFAB association in Lincoln with that station's Little Theater of the Air.

Jettabee got the idea for the Jangles program from a party guest, a bride of two years who was in tears because every bite she ate, her young husband reminded her of her increasing poundage and repeatedly compared her weight with that of other women. So started the fictional life of Newlyweds Jack and Jerry with all the troubles of the average young married couple. Because much of the program's appeal depends on the inclusion of current local news in the script, the writing is a daily job in itself. Currently sponsored by Haskins Brothers, the thousandth broadcast of this Monday through Friday 3:15 P. M. (C. S. T.) program was recently celebrated with the author playing the roles of Jerry, the young wife; Jennie, the small daughter of a poor relative; Buddy, a little crippled boy; Mother Jangles, the mother-in-law; and Fannie, a back row ex-chorus girl. John Shafer, KFAB's assistant program director plays the young husband, Jack, and also Uncle Charlie, the friendly, philosophical old uncle.

The Babs and Betty program, at present sponsored by Milady Coffee, is also a five-day-a-week program and has been on the air continuously for two years. But this versatile writer-director-actress practically loafs on Sundays. On that day for the past two years all she has done is present her original fifteen-minute plays, several of which have been published.

When asked what her hobbies were, Jettabee glanced up from her busy typewriter and answered, "My friends call me Jerry." Okay, Jerry, we understand.

* * *

A WINNER

Life may be only a game to some of us, but to dark-haired, dark-eyed, tiny Beryl Cameron, new KPO songstress in San Francisco, life has been mostly a contest.

When eight years old, Beryl danced away with her first prize among a hundred juvenile dancing contestants at the Princess Theater in Honolulu. That was the beginning of a career that for several years made her unknowingly a professional. A professional, that is, at winning amateur contests. The daughter of a navy officer, Beryl got around when a child, and given

the opportunity to win various amateur contests in Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, and other western cities she seized opportunity whenever it knocked and won medals and prizes at all schools she attended.

Facing her first microphone three years ago, she continued her winning habit to the extent of landing the soloist job with Tom Brown's orchestra at San Francisco's famous Bal Tabarin restaurant. But even then, a full-fledged professional, the contest habit was so much a part of her life she couldn't resist taking a try at bigger and better things. Not accustomed to anything except winning, Beryl was chosen from a large group of applicants as featured singer on the recent Chevrolet program from KPO. But there her contesting ended when NBC signed her as a regular KPO staff member at the finish of the series.

Still a youngster in years and with her career of contests behind her, she lives in the country with her father, now retired. She drives to her studio or her voice lesson daily, and due to her serious study her voice with its sweet, low undertone is equally at home in both popular songs and the more difficult scales. Busy as she is she still finds time for her favorite diversions, yachting, dancing, and listening to every radio singer she can find on the dial.

* * *

TUNING IN WITH CUPID

Omaha, Neb.: Arthur Peterson, actor in WOW's Guiding Light program, recently married Miss Norma Ransom, a former classmate of his at the University of Minnesota.

Cincinnati, O.: Ruth deVore, member of WLW's famed deVore sisters' trio, and Fred Thomas, WLW news writer, recently announced their wedding of February sixth. Ruth and Fred took their vows at the time when both were devoting long hours in the Ohio flood crisis, Fred handling bulletins and his bride-to-be singing on flood relief programs in addition to her regular broadcasts.

Another WLW recent wedding was that of Miss Frances Jensen of the accounting department and continuity writer Robert Maley. The bride is a native of Cincinnati.

Los Angeles, Cal.: When Sam Pierce, writer and producer of KHJ's Calling All Cars program, announced to his friends that "she was entirely too swell a 'program' to be allowed to roam about on an unsponsored basis," he was referring to the former Miss Georgianna Parker, Riverside debutante. So "sponsor" Sam popped the question and those recent wedding bells heard at Laguna Beach were the result. The newlyweds are at present residing in two places—Hollywood and aboard the Pierce yacht which now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pierce.

Chicago, Ill.: Miss Wilma Kuehn, WBBM receptionist, and Walter Wichy, Chicago manufacturers' representative, were recent marriage license users, too.

As ventured last month, Bob Casey, King's Jesters string bass thumper over Chicago's WMAQ, and Marge Morin of the NBC Morin sisters' vocal trio, are now Mr. and Mrs. Bob Casey. That puts Cupid on record this month with two hits in the harmony ranks of sister trios. Maybe the little fellow resents intrusion in the harmony business.

New York: Although wedding bells are still a thing of the future, Cupid says "so far, so good," and he credits Uncle Sam with an assist in the engagement of WHN's Elena Jimenez and Charles Redlick who is in California. The U. S. mails carried the question and answer.

For Extra Comfort on active Summer days

DEMAND KOTEX

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

✲

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if moisture has ever collected on the armhole of your dress, a stale "armhole odor" will be noticeable to others

THAT MAN you just met will never explain why he doesn't ask you to dance the second time. *He can't.* Bewildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend!

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, *no matter how certain you are that you never offend,* of giving yourself this "armhole odor" test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be painfully surprised to find that your *dress* carries a stale "armhole odor."

Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your *dress* gives off a strong odor, and people believe it is *you*. Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odorono, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it.

They know that Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm surface *odorless*, but *completely dry*. With all moisture banished, your dress can't develop an "armhole odor"; you can't offend. Fastidious women are safely using millions of bottles of Odorono every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odorono you have absolute clothes protection, too. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. And frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7B7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

TRAILING THE STORK

Cincinnati, O.: The little man who recently arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Don Foster has been named Donald Lee, and papa Foster, WLW sound effects technician, is telling the world about it.

Chicago, Ill.: It was candy and cigars recently at the WBBM studios and a seven pound lad at the Emil Waeltis home. Emil is the engineer on the Poetic Melodies program.

Charlotte, N. C.: We neglected to salute little Alice Leslie, an early 1937 arrival at the Charles Crutchfield home. "Chock," WBT program director, and Mrs. Crutchfield, when interviewed, expressed great happiness with the new family member, but Alice Leslie wasn't certain. All she said was "Goo"—or maybe it was "Boo!"

OUR POETRY DEPARTMENT

Although a little bird had warned us Spring was here we were still skeptical until the postman arrived with the following poem. The title must have been lost in the mail, because it arrived titleless—but we fixed that, with apologies to the writer, of course.

SATISFIED

From hearth and home
I'll never stray,
With a set
That can get
KDKA
—Pittsburgh Peggy

Okay, Peggy, and attention: Pittsburgh's KDKA. In case the Highlighter, doesn't get around to pay you a personal call soon, how about shooting him some inside information on your many satisfying local programs and stars?

And all you Radio Mirror tuner-inners: What favorite local station program and stars would *you* like to see and read about in Coast-to-Coast Highlights? Let us know and we'll do our best to satisfy, too.

* * *

LOOKING BACK

We've been turning back the clock on radio folks again and there is hardly a turn of the hand but what we uncover some past that we didn't know existed before.

Did you know Jack Meakin, KGO's Bughouse Rhythm conductor in San Francisco, has written sixty popular songs, twelve piano solos, ten ballads, twenty ballet suites, four concert works for orchestras, three complete Bohemian Club shows, thirty theme songs and is nearing his thousandth arrangement—and isn't thirty years old yet? Whew! Well, we didn't either.

And in New York, Marion Melton, WHN's high-powered blues and swing singer, was once a school mar'm. . . . Bud Rainey, the same New York station's Dixie Deacon, has held the U. S. Army pistol record since 1924, and no wonder—Bud scored 996 out of a possible 1000.

Charles Gerrard, the Sidney LaCrosse in One Man's Family on San Francisco's KPO, practiced dentistry for several years before getting the radio bug. But having never applied for a California license he reluctantly turns down friendly prospective customers with aching teeth. Incidentally, going way back, we find Charles' first money making job was one we admit a secret liking for. He got paid for sleeping. When the home town banker learned he could reduce the bank's insurance rates by having some one in the bank at all hours, Charles moved in for the night shift.

KHJ's attractive eighteen-year-old vocalist on the 1937 Radio Show in Holly-

wood is Christina Lind. But Christina used to be Jean. In full, Jean Peterson. She did it this way: name of the great Swedish queen, Christina; name of the Nordic country's greatest singer, Lind. And there you are, or rather there is Christina Lind. . . . Dick Quine, talented youngster who plays the title role in KHJ's Tom Sawyer program, first ventured into business as the proprietor of a lemonade stand. But Dick, who was seven years old at the time, says he likes radio much better.

And to prove you don't always have to go "way back when" to uncover forgotten things of the past, there are the six extra pounds WBT's program director Charles Crutchfield used to carry around down in Charlotte, N. C. "Chock" lost 'em in the athletic rooms of the local Y. M. C. A.

FROM HERE TO THERE

Although we knew tuner-inners took great pride in distant programs they could pull in on their individual sets—the greater the distance, the greater the pride—we weren't aware stations had the same pride from the sending end until we accidentally stumbled onto it through our own boast of a distant reception.

"If you think you had distance, take a look at these," replied Cecil Carmichael, digging into his WBT press files in Charlotte, N. C., and coming up with a fist full of letters from all over the world. "WBT literally reaches around the world for its listeners," he added, spreading the proof out on his desk. And after glancing through them we agreed our distant reception was only across the street in comparison.

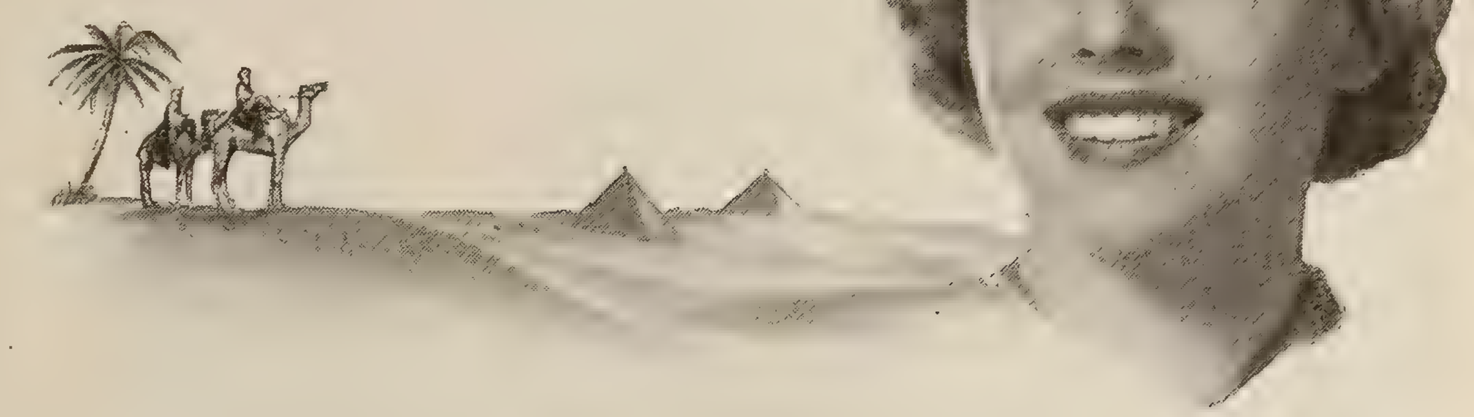
One writer, an American soldier stationed in Honolulu, wrote of listening to WBT regularly with perfect reception. Adding it was interesting listening to the Hawaii Calls program originating there in Honolulu and relayed back to his loudspeaker from WBT.

Another listener, a United States Army lieutenant-colonel stationed at an American consulate in France, told of getting a dance program from the Hotel New Yorker through WBT "as clear as from a local station." His location was 4300 feet above sea level in the French Alps, five hundred miles southeast of Paris. "The radio," he added, "in case anyone interested, is a five-tube Philco, model 37-604."

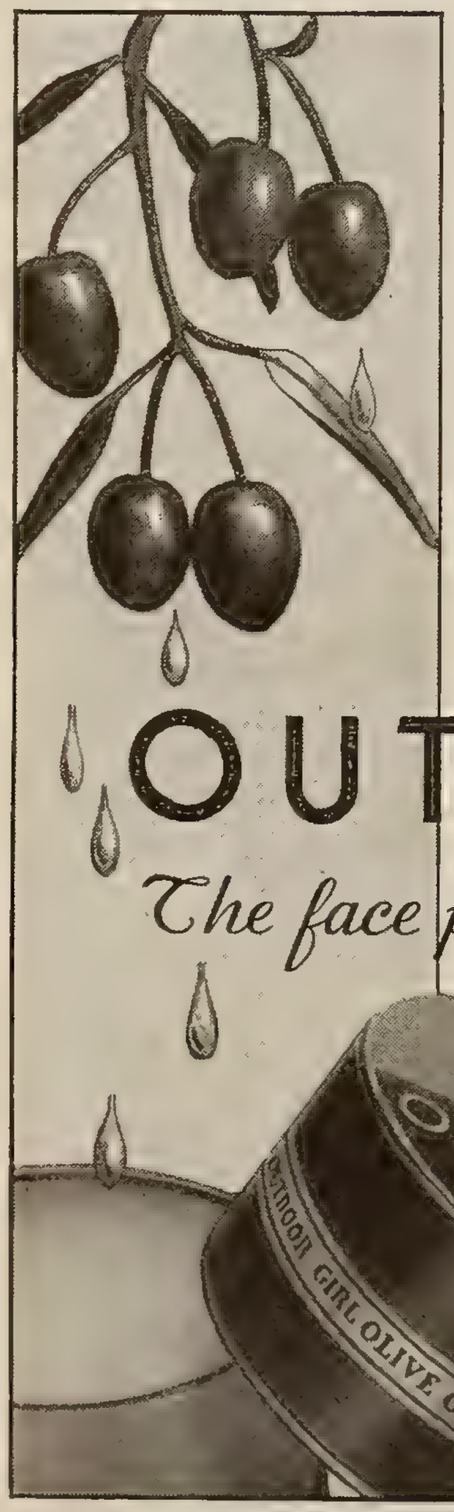
Mr. Marquardt, technical director of Chicago's WCFL, is another who has developed into an international correspondent. In one day he received letters from Honolulu and Frying Pan Farm, Chalkeymead Melksham Wells, England, reporting perfect reception of a WCFL program. While J. B. Clark, station Boswell for WPTF in Raleigh, N. C., informs us he has records of WPTF listeners in every county in North Carolina, every state in the union. and in Australia. Canada. and Great Britain.

Don't Miss the Thrilling and Intimate Story of Don Ameche's Romance in the Second Installment of "Rainbow's End," in the August Radio Mirror.

Thirst!



Don't let your face become a desert!...prevent destructive "*skin-thirst*" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection



Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost....

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry — the charm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special *patented process* each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . 50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!



In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim!* Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Radio—Instrument of Peace

(*Continued from page 33*)

each other well. It is an idea which applies in special force to the relationships between nations. Probably there always will be disputes between and among nations.

Every nation involved in such disputes will maintain passionately that it is right and its opponent wrong. And the reason a nation can see only its own side of an argument is that it seldom hears the other side. It gets the other side from stiff, formal diplomatic communiques, couched in terms which only trained diplomats can understand, and frequently deliberately untruthful or provocative. When these communiques are published in the newspapers, you and I, the ordinary citizens, seldom take the trouble to read them. They are dull documents, duller than mud. We simply don't get the human side of the other fellow's argument. And so, not understanding, we are usually willing to go to war—simply because there has been no common language for ourselves and the people with whom we may have a mad on.

That is the picture as it would continue to be without radio. With radio, there is hope, at least, that it can be changed!

When a manufacturer has a message he wants to give the world, he buys time on a radio chain and uses it to state his case. Why can't nations do the same thing. It might work. Or it might not. But it would be a swell experiment.

SUPPOSE President Roosevelt bought radio time on the networks of France, and told the French people, in the same intimate way he talks to us in his fireside chats, how America feels about the war debts; and then suppose Premier Blum or some other great Frenchman spoke directly to America, putting France's sincere belief that it should not pay those debts before us. Would we feel more like love and kisses or would we want to take a hearty sock at Johnny Frenchman? The chances are at least equal that direct, simple talks exchanged by the leaders of the two countries would create better understanding.

In radio the world has a weapon for peace potentially greater than any it has ever known. A word spoken into a microphone can girdle the globe in one-tenth of a second, and everywhere it is heard it is warm and alive, going direct to the minds and hearts of its listeners. In this tenth-of-a-second world, it seems rather absurd for nations to speak to one another with guns.

A start has been made in sending words flying across national borders. The Pope speaks to the members of his Church everywhere; they hear his voice and then a translation of his words. Premier Mussolini and Chancellor Hitler have been heard in this country on the air and no one who listened to King Edward's abdication speech can ever forget the feeling of kinship it brought.

Maybe I am shooting at the millennium Maybe the world—Europe especially—is such a mess of old jealousies and hatreds and frustrated ambitions, so infernally mean and ornery, that nothing much can be done about it. Maybe statesmen will even corrupt the good angel of radio and use it to heighten rancor and intensify their cat-and-dog squabbles. Even now Russia accuses Germany of throwing hostile propaganda across Russian borders by air. The French shake their fists at Mussolini for the same reason. Nevertheless, the opportunity is here for radio to attempt a service of vast benefit to humanity—the only agency that could accomplish it. More power to it!

The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep

(*Continued from page 43*)

the least romantic—and it was to Ruby that Phil went for the truth when he first learned what Broadway gossip was saying about him.

Broadway is one vast backyard fence, and it gossips as much over the stars whose names are in electric lights as you or I do over the family across the street. It was saying about Phil that he was drinking too much, so much he couldn't break the habit. And the reason, said Broadway, was that his wife had left him and he couldn't take the rap.

Ruby told him this, and she showed him what he had to do. "Your show is closing in a week or two, isn't it?" she asked. "Why don't you get out of town, take a vaudeville tour or something, and stay away long enough so that when you come back you can settle down to a sensible way of living? Keep at it long enough, and this party life *will* get you."

She was right, he knew, and he followed her advice. He booked himself into a long vaudeville tour, starting in San Francisco a few days after the Music Box Revue closed. In his bag, for the long train journey across the continent, he packed a bottle of brandy and one of rye. This was an idea of his own. He wanted to see if the gossips were right.

RUBY came down to the train to see him off, and stood on the platform waving as the train pulled out. He never saw Ruby Stevens, the little hoofer in Broadway shows, again. By the time he returned to New York she had become Barbara Stanwyck, a woman and a star.

All the way across the country those two bottles stayed in Phil's suitcase, handy but untouched. The gossips were dead wrong; and he arrived in San Francisco feeling better than he'd felt in years. There were three days in which to prepare for his opening at the Orpheum. He spent them playing golf and whipping his act into shape with Sid Silvers, whom he had hired to sit in a box and heckle him.

At his opening performance he felt all the old sparkle and zest that had been missing for so long, return to him. The audience, a capacity one, was with him heart and soul. He had them rocking in their seats with laughter, and he forgot he was working. It was such fun to feel himself once more master of a theater full of friends that his eyes danced and he laughed with pleasure.

In fact, he had too good a time at that first performance. Afterwards he had to spend half an hour in convincing the manager of the theater he wasn't drunk. The manager, while pleased at Phil's success, was sure that nobody who had been having such an obviously high old time on the stage could possibly be sober, and before Phil managed to prove his innocence he had received a long lecture on the evils of strong liquor.

Phil stayed on tour for six months before returning to New York, and in that time he learned the wrong-headedness of both his former designs for living. He made up his mind to be neither a monk nor a rake.

Twenty-four hours after he landed back in New York he broke his word for the first time in his life. He is still ashamed of it. On the train, coming in from Boston, he had promised George White to appear in White's new production of the Scandals. The next day the Shuberts offered him a long-term contract, and the thought of years of security was too much



...SCENTED WITH GENUINE IMPORTED *French* PERFUME

From Paris, where life is gay and glamorous--where women are fastidious and fascinating -- comes the exquisite perfume that gives to Djer-Kiss Talc its enchanting fragrance .... Here in America it is the daily choice of lovely women who have discovered its ability to enhance personal charm, with a haunting touch of magical allure.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.



You no longer need to wait to enjoy the comforts of my new ZiP Cream Deodorant—which not only deodorizes but also STOPS perspiration for one to three days. (It is also ideal on sanitary napkins.)

The large container of ZiP Cream Deodorant accompanies every new giant tube of that world renowned, effective hair remover—ZiP Depilatory Cream which instantly eliminates every vestige of hair. Be hair-free...care-free.

When you buy your next tube of ZiP Depilatory Cream ask for the combination package which also carries the large container of ZiP Cream Deodorant without extra charge. Both are marvelous preparations, backed by my 25 years of specializing.

ZIP Epilator, IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Actually destroys superfluous hair. Quick and effective. Excellent for face, arms and legs.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

If your dealer has not received his supply, use coupon:
Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.
Please send me your special Two for One offer—ZiP Perfumed Depilatory Cream and ZiP Cream Deodorant. I enclose 50c plus 10c postage.
Write Name, Address, City and State below.

for his promise. He signed with the Shuberts, and though he stayed with them for six years and was starred in hit after hit, he's never felt quite right about it all, and still wonders sometimes when the long-deferred punishment for breaking his promise will catch up to him.

In the years which followed, while his success on the stage was becoming a solid, assured thing, Phil fell in love more than once, but never enough to forget that he wasn't going to get married again, ever. His fear of marriage was by this time almost an obsession. He was what they call a "confirmed" bachelor.

Yet, somehow, he didn't get the pleasure he should have out of planning a course of conduct and sticking to it. He didn't get any pleasure out of it all, to tell the truth. There was a big gaping void in his life, and subsconsciously he knew it.

ONE night he and a friend went to the musical show, "Americana." Afterwards they were going to take a couple of the girls in it out to supper. The girls were acquaintances of Phil's friend—English girls—Phil didn't know them and didn't particularly care to. But there was one little brown-haired ingenue who might as well have been on the stage alone, for all the attention Phil paid to the rest of the show.

"Who is she?" he asked, nudging his companion.

"Peggy Cartwright—one of the girls we're taking out afterwards," was the answer, made as calmly as if it weren't the most earth-shaking piece of news imaginable.

When they went backstage, after the performance, and Phil met Peggy Cartwright, a terrible thing happened. He, the man about town, the Broadwayite, the squire of fair ladies, suddenly became tongue-tied in front of a shy little thing who'd arrived in New York from England only a few weeks before.

Where were the witty speeches, the compliments, the wise-cracks? Where was even some word that would make her look up and smile at him? He couldn't think of anything—and desperately, in a panic, he blurted out the only words his paralyzed mind could form:

"You and I," said Phil Baker, "are going to have a baby!"

She looked up, all right. She gave him a long, cool look. She said, "You are absolutely mad. Please take me home."

He took her home, apologizing all the way into an empty silence. When he left her he couldn't think of a single way he could see her again, but he knew he had to, or the earth would stop turning.

The next day he heard that "Americana," after an unpromising start, was going to close. Just another Broadway flop. He rushed up to see the producer and made that puzzled gentleman an astonishing offer.

"Keep the show going," he said, "and I'll go into the cast. I don't want a salary—just give me a percentage of the box-office receipts. Ten—five per cent, I don't care. I'll even pay for my own comedy script and my stooge."

The producer thought Phil was crazy, because he knew Phil had been paid $5,000 only the week before for a seven-day vaudeville appearance, and he also knew that ten per cent of "Americana's" takings, the way things were going, wouldn't be more than $250. But if Phil was crazy, he didn't see why he should be crazy too, so he accepted the offer.

"Americana" ran another seven weeks with the boost Phil's presence in the cast gave it. Then it closed in a discouraged manner, but by that time Phil didn't care. You see, two weeks before "Americana" closed, on November 21, 1932, he married Peggy Cartwright.

Now comes something that's hard to explain. You'd think, newly married as Phil was, that he'd have realized his responsibilities and settled down to a quiet, steady routine of becoming even more rich and famous than he already was. Instead, he finished a two-week engagement at the Capital Theater, and came home at the end of it with his soul filled with the emptiness of success. He was utterly sick of the stage and everything connected with it—including radio, because an audition he had made the week before had just been refused.

Peggy, who had been out all day in the rain, trying to find a part in some play and not succeeding, looked as if she felt the same way. She was pale and listless, and as Phil looked at her he felt a sudden surge of anger at New York and Broadway and the rain and the honking taxicabs and—and everything.

"Honey," he said, "I've been figuring up and I've got enough money now for us to live on the rest of our lives. If I work three months a year, I can make enough extra to take care of my father and mother . . . Let's go to Florida and buy a little house and just stay there."

Peggy's weariness disappeared like a flash. She didn't even stop to ask when they were leaving. She went and started to pack.

They actually got to Florida and bought the house—a little white playhouse covered with vines—and had occupied it exactly one day when a wire came from the National Broadcasting Company. The recorded audition Phil had made had been sent by NBC to the Armour Packing Company in Chicago—and Armour liked it so well they wanted Phil to go on the air at once.

There is no evidence to show that Phil so much as remembered his loud disgust with work. "They want me right away—I've got to catch the train tonight—where's my trunk?" he roared, storming around the little house. Its rooms, that had once seemed so cozy, were now just plain cramped. They couldn't hold him Peggy saw that they could never hold him

"I'm going too, you know," she said.

They didn't even see Florida again for more than two years. The Armour program was such a success that once they got to Chicago, they stayed there, and Phil went on broadcasting.

FROM some source, Phil had acquired the peculiar belief that the way to create a wonderful radio program was to corral everybody connected with the show into one house and keep them there all the time. He leased a huge mansion out in Evanston, a Chicago suburb, and installed in it not only himself and Peggy, but Bottle and Beetle, his gag writers, a girl stooge, their families, and assorted pets.

It must have been a nightmare. The mansion soon acquired a bad reputation among the staid citizens of Evanston, because lights burned in it all night, and in the dim hours of early morning weird moans and shrieks of pain could be heard coming from those brilliantly illuminated rooms. Evanston was sure that life in the Baker home was one long orgy, when in reality it was one long prison sentence. The moans and shrieks came from tortured script writers trying vainly to wring new gags out of themselves; and the lights burned because nobody ever had time to sleep.

A steady procession of servants marched in and out of the house, trying without success to cope with the tide of cigarette ends and ashes, half-gnawed sandwiches,

demented actors and writers, and irregular hours. Because Phil's sponsor was the Armour Packing Company, somebody had the bright idea of sending him a live baby pig, and it frolicked through the rooms with the dogs and cats owned by the other members of the company.

But the program was a success. Harry McNaughton was Phil's Bottle, then as he is now; and Hank Ladd was his Beetle, the ever-present and impolite ghost. Phil has changed Beeties twice since then, incidentally, and you never realized it.

For two years Phil and Peggy lived in the midst of the Evanston bedlam. They even added a third member to the Baker family there, little Margot. But suddenly, while his contract with the Armour people still had several weeks to run, Phil knew he couldn't stand it a minute longer. He couldn't understand why he hadn't gone crazy long before, but he knew if he didn't get out of Chicago, and particularly Evanston, he *would* go crazy.

He went to the sponsor and told him he was leaving, going to Italy, and he didn't know when he'd be back. The sponsor might have argued, but he took one look at Phil, sighed, and agreed.

It would be fine to tell you that Phil and Peggy and the baby went to Italy and spent their time, lolling on sun-warmed sands, leaning out of *palazzo* windows while gondoliers sang sweet melodies. It would be fine, but it wouldn't be true. Phil's strongest recollection of that trip to Italy is of a scene that took place in the baggage car of a train between Paris and Rome.

Peggy was back in their compartment, worn out by a day of traveling and the more recent strain of trying to find some warm milk for Margot. Italian trains, it seemed, weren't equipped to heat milk for babies. But Phil, with the aid of the baggage master and a porter, was solving the milk problem. Down on the floor of the baggage car knelt the two train officials, heating a pan of milk over the weak flame of a little oil lamp and crooning to themselves in Italian. Above them, with Margot in his arms, stood Phil Baker, the great American comedian.

Suddenly the incongruity of the situation struck him—that he, once of the East Side, more recently of Broadway and the Bright Lights, should be standing over two Italian peasants while they heated milk for his baby, in the gloomy baggage car of a train. And he began to laugh.

I think that's as good a place as any to leave him, because right there, it seems to me, was a period put to the stormy part of this black sheep's life story. Surely no one can ever think of him as anything but a family man again.

The Bakers have their home in Florida now, and another in Mamaroneck, New York. It was in Florida that their third child, Michael Conway, was born on the fourteenth of March, this year. Their second is another boy, Stuart, who is three years old now.

PHIL still grumbles, now and then, when he has been working too hard, and hints at another characteristic Baker upheaval. But I don't think these grumblings will ever amount to more than vague threats. He'll go off the air soon, and set out for Hollywood to appear in the "Goldwyn Follies," and when he returns he'll be all ready for another season on the air—because if there is one thing true of Phil Baker, it's this: he can swear he's tired of working until he's blue in the face, but he's never really happy any other time.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Phil Baker's "Gulf Gasette." . . . Heard on CBS every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. . . . Though heard on only half the stations other Sunday-night comedians use, Accordionist Baker's programs are the nation's tenth most popular. . . . Radio experts give much of the credit to the Messrs. Block, Perrin & Phillips, the three musketeers of the gag . . . Hal Block, 21-year-old graduate of the University of Chicago is the No. 1 gag man. Two years ago he urged his parents to send him to Gotham before studying law. He had won honors at school as editor of the funnypaper Phoenix and author of the student musical shows produced by Chicago's Black Friars . . . Once in New York, however, Block looked up Baker, who was in need of comedy material . . . The Chicagoan submitted two sample scripts and was hired . . . He hasn't opened a law book since . . . In that time Block has typed out over 104 comedy scripts and swears he never once resorted to a gag book . . . Block writes the first draft, sends it by messenger to partners Perrin & Phillips, who are really script constructionists. They in turn rewrite it, and submit it to Baker . . . Back it goes from Baker to Block for "tightening up." . . . Even at dress rehearsal young Block is busy at a typwriter near the studio stage, inserting the latest wheezes that appeal to Baker . . . Though the Seven G's have only one song a week, which is timed for two minutes on the air, Ed Smalle rehearses them for 10 hours on the one tune. William, Baker's valet, has the oddest job in the world . . . He takes care of the boss' music box, polishing it daily, and removing the instrument to a safe corner of the studio after Baker has played his solo. You see, left-handed accordions are scarce, and Phil can't afford to damage the only one in the U. S.

"Glare-Proof"



Now 3 Pond's "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

to soften your face in blazing light • • •

Now *three* new "Sunlight" Shades—to flatter you in hard sunlight.

Pond's "Sunlight" Shades are *new!* They catch only the softer rays of the sun. Soften its hard, unbecoming glare on your face. Completely away from the old "dirty-looking" sun-tan powders. Try them at our expense.

Or, get a box yourself. If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's Dept. 8RM-PG, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.

(This offer expires Sept. 1, 1937)



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



–and you'll love the handy

GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS

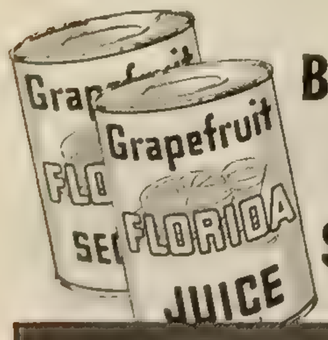
for fruit cups and salads

THEY'RE cooling, refreshing, far more appealing on hot summer days than rich, heavy food. And so much better for you—so quickly and easily prepared.

Have Florida grapefruit often. Serve it chilled for breakfast, choice sections or tangy, golden juice straight from the can. Drink it any time of day you're thirsty. Give it to all the family. It not only quenches thirst but *alkalizes*, helps you stand the heat better. Add it to fruit punches for sparkling new flavor. Serve grapefruit appetizers, salads, desserts.

Always have several cans chilling in the refrigerator. Buy some Florida grapefruit and grapefruit juice today.

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.



Buy a dozen cans at a time – Sections or Juice

TRY DELICIOUS CANNED FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 49*)

band from among the students of N. Y. U. and Columbia University. He took this green group and worked and sweated with them, patiently, thoroughly. Before a man was hired they made this solemn vow to Ferdi:

"I promise to make music my livelihood as long as I live."

The majority of the newcomers were physically handicapped. Some cannot use their bodies to the utmost advantage. It was music that gave them an out from a dreary life.

Today the band is heard in a night club near Bridgeport, Conn. They have an NBC wire. They are far from perfect, but they play as one man. At the present, the hours from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. are still devoted to practice sessions. Professor Ferdi instructs the boys as if they were in a classroom. The boys work together, live together and live and breath music. Girls are out, for the time being.

NBC has given Ferdi three years to develop this strange band. If they have reached their goal within that time, network commercial programs will be offered to them.

"It must work out," Ferdi says confidently. "It will work out. These boys are sincere. They will not desert me."

Only time will tell the results of Don Ferdi's arduous task, a bored bandsman who, sick of bright lights and small talk, became a Svengali of Swing.

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

MARK WARNOW is spending his summer vacation in Hollywood and it won't be surprising to this reporter if, while there, he makes a connection that will keep him in the cinema capital permanently. . . . Maxine Gray is to be heard again with Hal Kemp's orchestra when the band goes into New York's Hotel Astor. The Louisiana-born lark has been ill and recently went back home to Shreveport to rest up. . . . Maxine is a dead ringer for Kay Francis. . . . Hal also released Gus Mayhew, his trombonist-arranger so that he can join his brother Nye Mayhew at Glen Island Casino. . . . Larry Marsh, CBS orchestra leader on the Al Pearce programs is experimenting with a new idea in dance bands—an orchestra without drums. He is arranging for tempo and beat to be supplied by the left hand of the pianist, the bass violin, and the guitar. . . . Johnny Green penned a new tune in the five-minute recess of the Fred Astaire program; it's called "Five Minutes Alone." . . . Carmen Lombardo worked for four weeks before he could play his own hit tune, "Boo Hoo." Other maestros cleared the network rights to play this number before the composing Canadian could get around to it. . . .

* * *

WHERE THEY'RE PLAYING

EDDY DUCHIN will be in the Palmer House in Chicago shortly. . . . Johnny Hamp can be found at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City. . . . Kay Kyser is one-nighting at present but is tickled pink because he just grabbed off a big Mutual network program for an auto sponsor. . . . Henry King is now at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco while Leon Belasco hies to New Orleans for a session at the Hotel Roosevelt . . . Dick Barrie and his orchestra, which this pillar reported as stranded, are back in business again, swinging out on a tour of Ohio one-night stands. His charming wife and vocalist, Anita Boyer, is with him. . . . Art Kassel's band will entice Memphis dancers when he begins an engagement in their Hotel Claridge this summer. . . . Jacques Fray returns to the swank St. Regis Hotel roof in New York. . . . Atlantic City visitors and natives will have a string of ace bands this summer at the world-famous Steel Pier ballroom! Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey lead the sweet and swing parade.

* * *

GOULD IN THEM HILLS

A THIN bespectacled lad named Morton Gould has been conducting a program called Music for Today on the Mutual network these last two years without too much nation-wide acclaim. The blue-shirted batoneer, who has just passed his twenty-second birthday, is a triple-threat man—he not only conducts, but scores all his own arrangements and composes modern American music. He shied away from publicity stunts and romance, preferring to sip milk in the control room before his broadcasts and devote all his time to music.

Then a man came into his life—a very large, double-chinned man. His name was Paul Whiteman. For the last year Paul has been looking for some young genius to succeed him as director of his great organization when the King decides to abdicate. Whiteman wants his band to continue even though he lays aside the baton. The former Denver viola player heard of Gould, then got busy straightening out the minute details with Pappa Gould, Morton's manager.

Today Morton Gould is in an enviable position as heir apparent to the throne of King of Jazz. He is preparing arrangements for Whiteman and is listed as assistant conductor.

* * *

HOW THEY CONDUCT

HAL KEMP holds his baton face down; he struts quietly to the rhythms of his own orchestra. . . . Richard Himber uses no baton; prefers a clenched fist. . . . Isham Jones turns his back on the dancers and conducts as if he were leading a symphony, majestically ignoring the customers. . . . Mal Hallett gesticulates wildly, spends more energy in one dance set than a laborer digging ditches. . . . Ruby Newman frequently pulls aside a dancing couple to ask their candid comment of the tune he is currently thumping out.

* * *

WATCH OUT FOR:

AUSTIN WYLIE, who is currently making music at the Hotel Commodore Perry in Toledo. Being an Irishman he's got rhythm and a good business head. Listen to his advice to young maestros: "When people are eating they don't want to be bothered with swing music. So for dinner hour we dish it up sweet. When they're sipping cocktails at the supper hour, then go to town."

The Dixie Debs, a trio of Southern girls who could play important parts in the "Gone with the Wind" flicker, because you can cut their Georgian accents with a bread knife. They're currently heard with Arnold Johnson's New Yorkestra.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

PAUL WHITEMAN: Violins: Mischa Russell, Harry Struebel, Mat Malnick, Bob Lawrence; saxophones: Al Golladoro,

Frankie Trumbauer, Jack Cordaro, Jack George Bamford, Murray Cohn; trumpets: Eddie Wade, Charlie Teagarden, Goldie; trombones: Bill Rank, Jack Teagarden, Hal Matthews; piano: Roy Bargy; banjo: Vincent (Mike) Pingatore; drums: Larry Gomar; basses: Art Miller, Norman McPherson; vocals: The King's Men, who are Ken Darby, Rad Robinson, Jon Dodson, Bud Linn. Theme: "Rhapsody in Blue."

* * *

RUDOLPH FRIML, JR.: Violins: Fred Baron, Jack Wechsler; bass: Edward Feldbauer; viola: Maurice Pollack; cello: Caesar Pascarella; saxophones: John Dornbach, Fred Glantz, Rocco Galgano, Foster Morehouse; cornet: James Sexton; piano: Bert Stevens; drums: John Sorin; guitar: Mickey Mote. Theme: "Huguette Waltz."

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Edward Reighard: Dave Rubinoff's theme song is "Give Me a Moment, Please." He reads and answers your fan mail when you write him care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, or at his own offices in the Paramount Building, New York. A recent issue of RADIO MIRROR printed some "facts you should know about Rubinoff." If you ever vacation at Atlantic City, N. J., you'll probably see Rubinoff pacing the boardwalk. It's a hobby.

Len Fraser: That was certainly a healthy list of America's top-notch orchestras you sent me. But you can't stymie an Alden. Here goes: Write to Music Corporation of America, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, for pictures of Larry Lee, Abe Lyman, Wayne King, Clyde Lucas, Henry King, Eddy Duchin, Guy Lombardo, Shep Fields; NBC for Nat Brandwynne, Phil Harris, Johnny Green, Dick Stabile, Don Ferdi; CBS for Isham Jones, George Hall, Bob Crosby, Claude Hopkins, Lenny Hayton, Fats Waller; Dave Alber, 1619 Broadway, New York for Don Bestor, Emil Coleman; Rockwell-O'Keefe, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York for Al Donahue, Ray Noble. Whew! That's over. Shep Field's theme song is "Rippling Rhythm."

J. P. Rice: Larry Taylor is twenty-one years old, has been singing since he was fifteen and has recently started a commercial series on WOR for *Esquire*. He started his radio career as an office boy at WDEL, Wilmington, and signed for his first singing job when he was sixteen by Phil Emerton, New England maestro. He was a protege of Roxy. He is 5 feet six inches tall and is still single.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy .....

.....

Theme Song Section .....

.....

Or .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....



SO MANY THRILLING PLACES TO GO

* * *

Only Greyhound Serves them **ALL**



IT'S A REAL JOB to select the ideal place for a cool summer outing... but no trick at all to pick the best transportation!

FIRST—Greyhound reaches far more popular vacation spots than any other travel system—serves all America and much of Canada. *SECOND* — you can go farther, see and enjoy more thrilling places, return an entirely different route—all without stretching the most modest budget. Only ⅓ the cost of driving, without the fatigue—far lower fares than other transportation. *THIRD*—complete and courteous information on trips anywhere, from the nearest Greyhound agent—or the coupon will bring bright pictorial booklets and all the facts.

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

Cleveland, Ohio . . . . East 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . Broad Street Station
Chicago, Ill. . . . . 12th & Wabash
New York City . . . . . 245 W. 50th St.
Boston, Mass. . . . . 222 Boylston St.
Washington, D. C., 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich. Washington Blvd. at Grand River
Charleston, W. Va., 1100 Kanawha Valley Bldg.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . . 630 Walnut St.
Memphis, Tennessee . . . . 146 Union Ave.
Fort Worth, Tex. . . . 905 Commerce St.
San Francisco, Cal. . Pine & Battery Sts.
St. Louis, Mo., Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
New Orleans, La. . . 400 N. Rampart St.
Minneapolis, Minn. . 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Lexington, Ky. . . 801 North Limestone
Richmond, Va. . . . 412 East Broad St.
Windsor, Ont. . . . 403 Ouellette Ave.
London, England . . . . . .
A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall Street



The GREYHOUND LINES

BREEZY PICTORIAL BOOKLETS, INFORMATION—FREE

Just mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above) if you want an interesting pictorial booklet and travel facts about any of the following: NEW ENGLAND ☐, MICHIGAN ☐, ATLANTIC COAST CITIES ☐, GREAT NORTHWEST ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐, GREAT SMOKY MTS. ☐, NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA RESORTS ☐, COLORFUL SOUTHWEST ☐, ATLANTIC BEACHES ☐ (check which one). If you want rates and suggested routes for any trip, jot down place you wish to visit on margin below.

Name_____

Address_____ MW-7

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

A FRANK, INTIMATE CHAT



By MARY PAULINE CALLENDER
authority on feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories. You have my word for it that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Extra Comfort



Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with Kotex sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the DeLuxe at 35 cents.

For Personal Daintiness



Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder—completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it also for under-arms, feet and after your bath. It's a *positive* deodorant that assures all-day-long body freshness—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unscented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c—a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For Pain Relief

A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets—the new discovery to ease "periodic" pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so *your* doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.



For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. A product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

Rainbow's End

(*Continued from page 25*)

an old family custom thereafter to celebrate christening every two years or so. Until eventually there were eight fine, healthy, strapping (and scrapping!) boys and girls, hungry and noisy and demanding.

Soon the father felt the need of getting into a more lucrative business, so he would be able to give his children many things he himself had missed—among them, excellent schooling. So he sold the grocery store and opened up a modest and orderly saloon. But he wanted much more than this sort of thing for his own boys. Nothing was ever too good for his kids, his *bambinos*. A strict father, he punished them with one hand but gave them gifts and pats on the head with the other.

Don's christening was celebrated with a real fiesta. He was the first boy, the one to carry on his father's name, and he was a beautiful baby. Prodigious amounts of food and wine were consumed, lavish congratulations and gifts bestowed. This little Dominick would do great things. The prediction was more prophetic than his proud parents then had reason to suspect.

BUT Don was by no means a model child. Smart as a whip, to be sure, but destructive and mischievous. A trial to his father, who expected so much of him; a worry to his mother, who alibied for him and wept when he had to be punished.

None of her other children had Don's same nervous energy nor his ability to get in and out of trouble. He drove his young mother to the verge of nervous breakdown many times. She sent him to kindergarten the minute he was old enough to enroll, and replaced the furniture he ruined in his baby days.

In school, he got good marks without apparent effort. But the worry spared his mother was visited on his long-suffering teachers.

"That Amici boy will come to no good end," they said, shaking their heads; at the same time hiding grins at his ingenuity. For he was a strange blend of deviltry and angelic sweetness, the bad boy who manages, in spite of all, to be "teacher's pet."

His mother often thought her Dominick was headed for reform school; but the next day she would decide he was so brilliant that one day he would surely be president. The worst of her boys, and the dearest—you see, he always had that smile—so she made valentines for him to give his small sweethearts, and bound up his bruises when he fought.

One point of discipline he never fought, however: going to church. He sang in the choir, looking like an angel; and in church he was one, for his badness always seemed to slip off like a magic cloak the moment he came into contact with religion. Even now, scarcely a day passes when he does not attend church.

But as a youngster he was full of restless energy and curiosity, difficult in the baffling manner of a small boy. Given nickels for ice cream, he and his brother Louis would decide they would also like to go to a picture show. They would go downtown and te.. Mr. Amici mother had sent them out for coffee but had given them no money. With the quarter he hastily handed them (they were not allowed in his place of business) they would run off gaily to the movies, eating ice cream cones luxuriously in front row seats.

But eventually their father discovered the truth. There was talk of whipping, they had lied to him.

"Ah, Felix, they're just babies," Mother would plead. So he merely sent the boys to bed without supper, ate his own spaghetti and returned to work for the rest of the evening. One night, having done this, he came home unusually early to find the two culprits sitting at the table eating, their mother waiting on them. She was as bad as the children, he complained, he should punish all three of them! Instead, he relented and they all had coffee together.

Don won the junior championship in basketball, was always star performer on school and church programs and a good student; but good marks in deportment eluded him. He was forever instigating mass rebellion or perpetrating some giant hoax.

It was the custom then as now to put pupils through a sort of intelligence test, to the end of dividing them into two subclasses according to their individual degree of brightness. Those who did not respond adequately were sent into the cloakroom. Small Dominick did not understand just what this meant, of course—but he *did* want to find out what was happening in that cloakroom.

So, when they came to examine him, he did not seem to be able to hear the questions. When they shouted at him, he shook his head dumbly and looked pathetic. So convincing was his act that he was sent straight to the cloakroom, to his delight. The next day he was herded into the class with delinquents.

A week went by before his father heard about it, and his fiery Italian nature asserted itself.

"What is my boy doing in the dumb class? My kids are as smart as anybody's—maybe smarter!"

Straight to the school he went, stood in the doorway of Dominick's room. The teacher was speaking loudly, trying to break through his son's "deafness." Puzzled, at first, the father finally realized it was not the teacher who was at fault.

"Hey! Dominick!" he roared out suddenly; and Don's hearing returned with a bang. This was the end of that particular game; it was another part of his anatomy with which he had trouble the next few days. For he got the spanking he richly deserved.

ALTHOUGH devoted to his younger brothers and sisters, he disliked "minding the baby" as much as any youngster does. One day, when there was a big marble game down the street, he rolled a younger sister's baby carriage down a plank into a deep hole where builders were excavating. His mother rushed out screaming, but the baby was unhurt and much amused with the trick. Yes, Don was always lucky. . . .

He ran away only once, then turned back at the edge of town, deciding he would rather risk returning late for supper than go out and brave the world alone.

But a day came when he did leave home, for boarding school. He was eleven and Louis nine when it was decided that they were to enter St. Berchman's Academy, a Catholic school at Marion, Ohio.

In spite of her boys being such a trial to her, their mother was sad as she shopped for their clothes, sewed their names in new underwear, mended and laundered socks and shirts. Finally came an evening when two shiny new trunks stood in the dining-room of the small house. Piles of clean clothes stood neatly

about on the table, ready to be packed by loving hands.

But the mother, in getting the boys off to school, could not neglect the rest of her family. She and Don's sister, Betty, were putting up tomatoes. Bushel baskets of them stood about the room, to be made into tomato paste, an important ingredient of real Italian spaghetti.

Then Louis and Don stamped in. What great spirits! Tomorrow they were going away! They really should celebrate. Don glanced at the tomatoes, then back at Louis, who was quick to get the idea. A tomato fight! Ripe, juicy tomatoes flew through the air and landed in splashes on walls, ceiling and carpet. But worst of all the clean garments on the table looked as though murder had been done. The red destruction was complete when their mother entered. Her heart-breaking work of days—all undone!

THAT night the lights stayed on very late in the Ameche house. Don and Louie were made to take up the carpet, clean away the stains and hang it outdoors, then put it back again. They had to wash the walls and floors, too, before they could retire. So they paid dearly for their few frantic seconds of fun.

But their mother and sister bore the brunt of the whole thing, because they washed and ironed all those clothes again and packed them in readiness for the train trip the next morning. They should have been glad the boys were leaving, those two big nuisances! But when they left for the depot, Mrs. Amici wept as any mother does when her boy leaves home for the first time.

At boarding school Don and his brother cut a wide swathe. The other boys hung around admiringly as they unpacked. Being new, they had pairs and pairs of new socks; the others had been wearing socks so old and so many times darned that finally it had become necessary to sew in whole new *feet*. And Don was the proud possessor of a brand-new basketball, which was given him for winning the championship back home. A new basketball at school—unheard of!

"Rich kids," the other boys sniffed, and prepared to dislike the Amicis intensely.

But after his first few days there, Don was the darling of St. Berchman's. He could think up more crazy things to do than any other pair of boys, and he was fearless. But he was to learn that he could not get away with everything short of murder with the ease he could at home. The nuns who were his teachers were very strict, and he no longer had his mother to alibi for him.

He soon learned to respect rules for the first time in his life. Disobedience meant sure punishment—and *public* punishment—if you were caught. Everyone knew why you had to wash dishes, or sort laundry. They had probably done the same thing!

However, he continued to live up to his reputation. There was the time he started a pillow fight in the big dormitory. There were a hundred and fifteen beds in the dorm, made up painstakingly by the boys themselves, with no wrinkles tolerated. When the fight was over, the dormitory was a mess and the beds turned upside down. "Meche," as he was now nicknamed, and his best pal were the ringleaders, and for punishment they had to make every one of those one hundred and fifteen beds up before they crawled into bed exhausted. No help from the sisters—and no wrinkles allowed. There were no more pillow fights.

But Don earned commendation as well as punishment at boarding school; he sang in the choir, played piano in the orchestra, and took part in religious plays. He played the role of the Blessed Virgin once in the Christmas pageant—since there were no girls in school—and played it nobly. It must have been a picturesque performance, since he had a peach of a black eye at the time!

Since the boys' ages ranged from six to fifteen, smoking was strictly taboo. So of course they gave cigarettes a try; and one day eight of them were caught smoking. They were off the grounds, but the rule still held. There was a conference, and talk of expelling all eight boys. However, this would have proved embarrassing, since Don was one of the chief offenders and he was just on the eve of being presented with a special medal for elocution as well as an award for excellence in Latin. Consequently, all eight of them got off with severe reprimands, and smoked no more—or at least were never caught again!

ST. BERCHMAN'S was, however, a good influence on Mrs. Amici's boy Dominick, and he made there several close friends whom he still sees often. One is Mark Tobin of Chicago, who also went to Columbia with him. Another is Gabriel Van der Dorpe, a Belgian boy, now right-hand man at Don's Hollywood home. "Gabe" could hardly speak a word of English when Don first took him under his wing as a mere youngster. It is beautiful to hear Don speak of the nuns who were his teachers—particularly Sister Cornelia, now Mother Cornelia at Mt. Mercy in Cedar Rapids, where two of Don's sisters are enrolled now.

Mrs. Amici came often to visit her boys;



Sally's in a whirl these days

. . . she's learned how to guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes from the pores every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. To keep skin attractive, use it before you put on fresh make-up —ALWAYS before you go to bed. *9 out of 10 screen stars use it!*

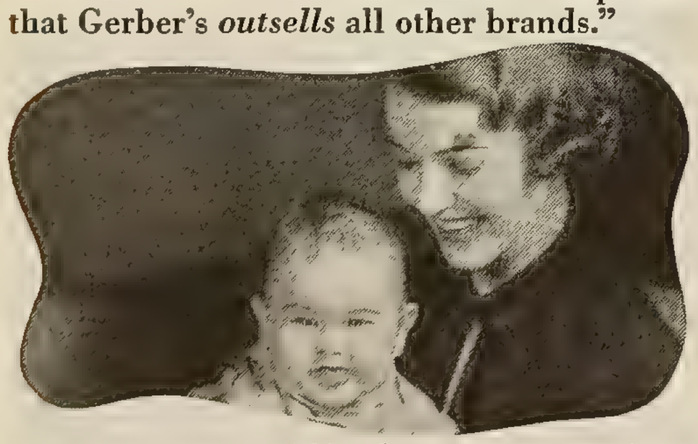
DOCTOR SAYS—
"And now it's time to put Baby on Gerber's"



"I've been recommending Gerber's for years. Their vegetables are *Home Grown;* their scientific cooking preserves important vitamins and minerals in a high degree. All Gerber's strained foods are *uniformly* high in quality."

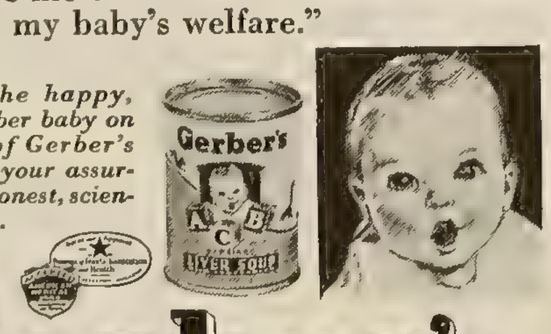


"It's grand to see baby looking so well. He's improved steadily since I put him on Gerber's and from the first I've had no trouble in getting him to eat these fine strained foods. I'm not surprised that Gerber's *outsells* all other brands."



"Gerber's Strained Foods are *so* convenient. They free me from a really hard job—which I couldn't possibly do as well as Gerber does—and give me *extra* time to devote to other phases of my baby's welfare."

Look for the happy, healthy Gerber baby on every can of Gerber's Foods. It is your assurance of an honest, scientific product.



Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP—TOMATOES—GREEN BEANS — BEETS — CARROTS — PEAS — SPINACH — PRUNES—CEREAL—APRICOT AND APPLE SAUCE—LIVER SOUP.

GET THIS GIFT FOR YOUR BABY

A choice of boy doll in blue, or a girl doll in pink, of high quality sateen, all stuffed and trimmed. Sent for 10c and 3 Gerber labels. Check items desired:



☐ Boy Doll ☐ Girl Doll.
☐ Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding.
☐ Baby's Book on general infant care, 10c additional.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 117 FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada, Gerber's are *grown and packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

between visits she sent huge boxes of food which they shared with their roommates. Vacations they spent at home, and were always on hand to eat the spaghetti with anchovies and steaming bean soup served in Italian homes only on Christmas Eve. On account of the mother, the Amici children did not learn or speak much Italian, but they loved their father's sort of food and still do.

Don was thirteen when he left St. Berchman's and had finished his freshman high school work. His father knew then that he wanted his son to be a lawyer; but Don himself had no plans except that he wanted some day, some way, to make a lot of money. The last thing he would have thought of was being an actor. Why should he? There had never been a performer in the family that he knew about.

The following fall he was to enter Columbia College in Dubuque, where he met two people who influenced his life powerfully. One was a girl. The other was a priest—a priest who helped to guide the young man in the right channels of living and teach him the real meaning of friendship. A priest who sponsored a romance—a romance envied today by Hollywood, though in those days it seemed merely a carefree boy and girl affair.

Two people—and except for them radio would never have known Don Ameche. Next month, follow this dramatic true life story through Don's carefree school days, into the darkest part of his career, then out again, into happiness he'd never known existed.

Cool Off With Cold Cereals

(*Continued from page* 52)

It's easy to understand why Betty told me that, "With two Pepper Young broadcasts a day and my 'Dead End' assignment I just can't take any chances on not feeling at my best all the time, or it will show in my work. Well, the best way I know to be sure of keeping fit is to eat the foods that keep me that way.

"I have to be at the studio every morning at nine-thirty for a Pepper Young rehearsal, and I've learned never to turn up for rehearsal without first tucking a good breakfast under my belt—not a heavy breakfast, but one that will provide sufficient energy to see me through my work.

"I start out with fruit or fruit juice, then have cereal and milk. In the winter I like a poached egg, but I find that during the warm months fruit, cereal and milk is the best breakfast for me."

Betty is right, of course, about the importance of a good breakfast for starting off the day right, and about the importance of cereal in that breakfast. Cereals are valuable for a number of reasons. They are nourishing and easily digested, they satisfy your appetite without giving you that dreadful stuffed feeling, they provide the roughage you must have and their cost is so small that any budget can manage them. Best of all, they are delicious in flavor. The old favorites, of course, are the wheat biscuits, the crisp flakes of corn, wheat or bran, the puffed grains and the nutty varieties, but don't overlook the new varieties coming into the markets with their new combinations of flavors.

Don't get the mistaken idea that these crisp cereals are breakfast foods only. They are excellent as luncheon or supper dishes, or in combination with other foods for those meals, and they are ideal if you want to cut down on starches.

Betty Wragge doesn't eat potatoes or other starchy foods, she told me, but she realizes that starch should not be eliminated entirely from her meals so she takes it in the form of cereals.

Cereals play an important role in two other desserts which Betty rates as tops—cereal puff pudding and cereal flake custard.

Cereal Puff Pudding

1 tsp. grated lemon rind
4 tbl. butter
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 tbl. lemon juice
2 tbl. flour
4 tbl. cereal (nutty variety)
1 cup milk
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Add lemon rind to butter and cream well. Add sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add egg yolks and beat thoroughly, then lemon juice. Add flour, cereal and milk, mixing well. Fold in egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and place in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) one hour and fifteen minutes. When done, pudding will have crust on top and jelly below. Serve cold with plain or whipped cream. Serves six.

Cereal Flake Custard

3 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
4 cups milk, scalded
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. vanilla
¼ tsp. mace
½ cup finely cut shredded cocoanut
1½ cups cereal flakes

Combine eggs, sugar and salt. Add scalded milk gradually, mixing thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into custard mixture. Pour into greased baking dish. Set dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour and a half, or until knife inserted into custard comes out clean. Serves six to eight.

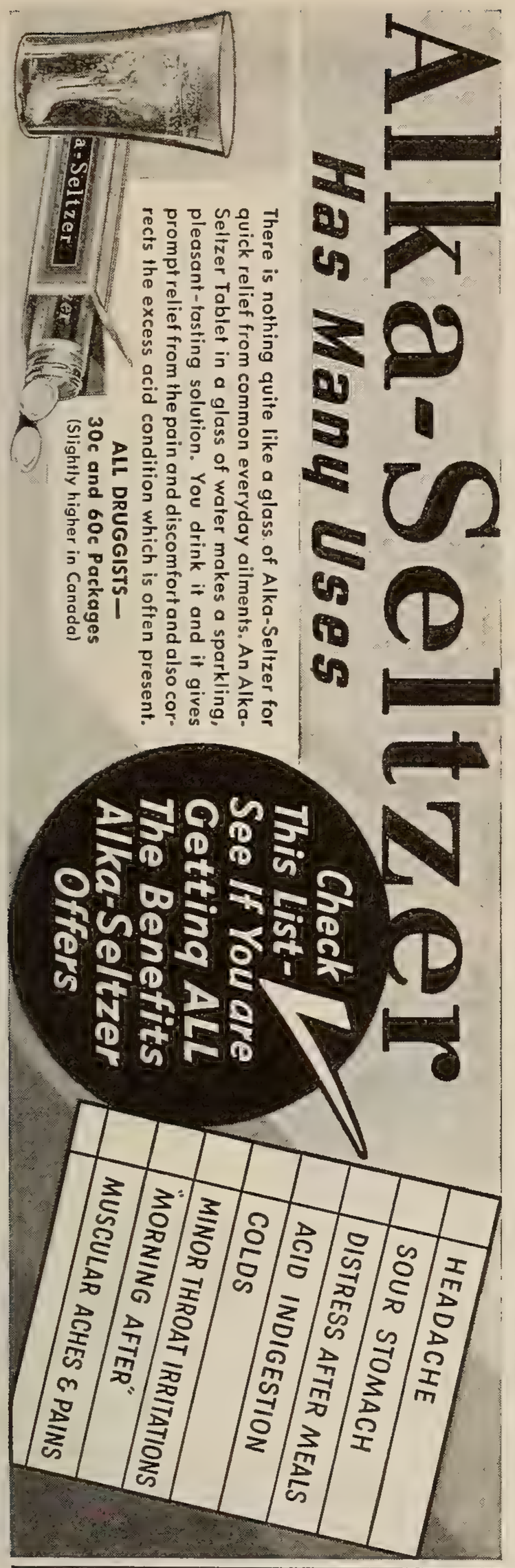
There's just space enough for one more recipe, a nut bread which is guaranteed by Miss Wragge to make your summer picnics and tea parties a success.

Lunch-Box Nut Bread

2 cups sifted flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
3 tbl. melted butter
1½ cups cereal flakes
½ cup broken walnut meats

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar and sift again. Combine egg, milk, sugar and butter and add to flour mixture, stirring just enough to dampen all flour. Add cereal flakes and nuts and blend. Bake in greased loaf pan 7x3x2½ inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour and ten minutes, or until done.

Miss Wragge also recommends blueberry flakes griddle cakes, cereal flakes pecan muffins, lace cookies and quick bran cinnamon rolls, all made with uncooked cereals. If you would like to have these recipes, send a stamped, self addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., with your request.*



EXPERT COOKING ADVICE FROM IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Through special arrangement with Ida Bailey Allen's publishers, I, as food editor of Radio Mirror, can offer my readers her best-selling 196-page Service Cook Book for 20c.
Send stamps or coins to:

Mrs. Margaret Simpson,
RADIO MIRROR,
205 E. 42nd St., New York City

HAY FEVER AND ASTHMATIC ATTACKS Relieved

The severity of those distressing attacks of Hay Fever and Bronchial Asthma may be reduced . . . use Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR just as thousands have done for 67 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier . . . aid in clearing the head . . . bring more restful nights. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or send for FREE supply of all three. **Dept. M. R. Schiffmann Co., Los Angeles, Calif.**

Who Can Tame Grace Moore?

(*Continued from page* 21)

was running over her numbers. Seemed that some of the nasty fumes might tickle the Moore nostrils and throat.

I'd just given up seeing Grace Moore at all, when her secretary called me and very politely said Miss Moore had consented to talk to me—but of course for only twenty minutes.

Well, I got to the door of her apartment, in a fit mood to kick that smooth surface of a mahogany-painted steel in. There was the duckiest sign over the bell. It read, "Knock, don't ring." What a temptation that was! I wanted to ring that bell loud enough to wake her husband in Europe out of a sound sleep. So I knocked. And I knocked. I knocked on that door for a full fifteen minutes before anyone bothered to answer it.

At last a bespectacled gentleman, whom I recognized as Grace Moore's radio production man, peered out and let me in. He walked on tiptoes as he led me into the drawing room. And I sneered to myself. Who was this Grace Moore anyway?

She was a gracious, lovely lady who sat and talked to me for two hours, giving me as utterly frank and fearless a confessional as I have ever heard. She told me things about herself I wouldn't have expected her worst friend to whisper. If she didn't precisely justify her own outbursts of temperament and stubbornness, at least she admitted them and blamed herself for them, which is more than most people, star or no star, would do.

EVERYONE knows, I suppose, about the time she ran away from the exclusive finishing school to which her father had sent her. It was the start of a great career, and as such, has been told time and again. But not everyone knows the sequel, which is a complete pay-off on the Moore character.

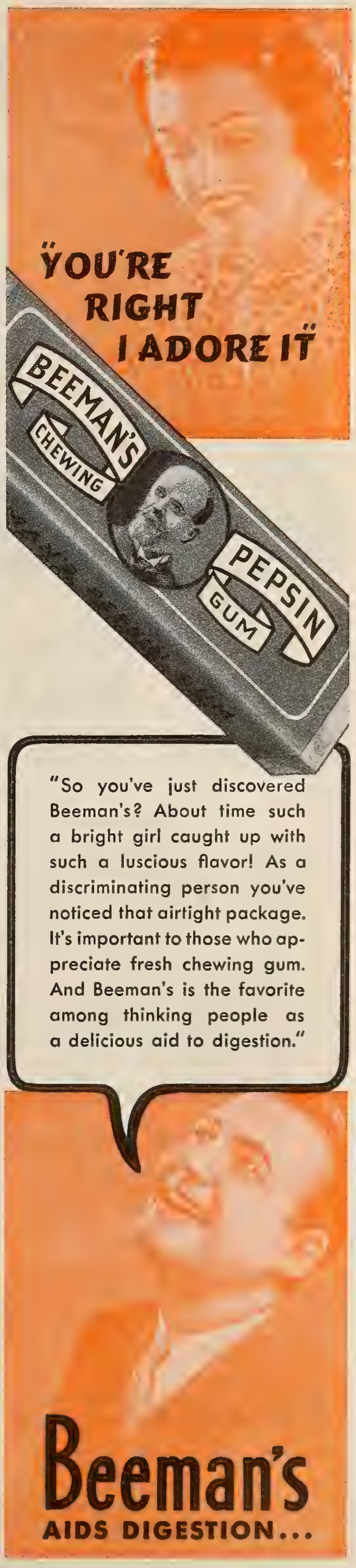
She told me how she ran away from Nashville and came to New York, where she got a job singing in the Black Cat, a Greenwich Village cafe. That was in the days when Greenwich Village *was* something and the Black Cat suited the high-spirited Miss Moore right down to the ground. It was filled with artists and writers, all penniless and all quite mad. She loved them, and lectured them tartly when they didn't applaud loud enough for her songs.

Then, one night, she saw one of the teachers from the Nashville school creep timidly in at the door. A spy! A spy come up from Nashville to check up on the runaway. The poor woman, it later developed, was simply in New York for a vacation and had dropped into the Black Cat to see how her one-time pupil was getting along.

Most girls would have ducked into the dressing room. But not Grace. She not only went on singing, she stepped off the orchestra platform, lifted a glass of red wine from the nearest table, and set her sails in the direction of the teacher. She was the gay, mad cafe singer—flirting, coquetting, and singing that most daring of songs, "Kiss Me Again!"—and giving it all she had into the bargain. She drew up to the teacher's table without even a nod of recognition, whirled around and deliberately spilled her wine on the table.

It must have been a magnificent performance. It's a magnificent performance still, when Grace tells about it.

The poor teacher scuttled for the door



and was seen no more. Grace's father was though. The teacher's report brought him to New York by the next train. Not that it did him any good. He spent a few hopeless days trying to talk his willful daughter out of her newly found career and ended up by discovering what many another has discovered since—that *nobody* stops Grace Moore from doing what she wants to do.

Her voice teachers found it out a few years later, when after she had been singing in musical comedy they told her her voice would never be suitable for opera. Grace laughed at them and made a bet with Otto Kahn that she'd make her debut in the Metropolitan in two years. After less than two years of study in Milan, when all her teachers advised furiously against it, Grace outfuried them, and opened at the Met just two weeks before her two years were up! She was a sensation.

Call it "stubborn ambition." You might as well. That's what Grace Moore calls it. Or maybe it's just stubbornness.

That is undoubtedly what you'd call it if you were a production man on Grace's radio program. A Moore rehearsal is something unusual in radio, because it is not a rehearsal. Grace comes, whispers a few numbers and leaves. The musicians don't know how she will sound against the background of their music. Sound engineers don't know where they will have to cut down the volume of their transmitters because they don't know when Grace plans to unleash her glorious voice to its full strength. Nobody knows much of anything, except the serene, untroubled Miss Moore.

THE reason is that from her point of view, Grace Moore is right and everybody else is wrong and nobody has yet been found with courage to convince her otherwise. "I have found," she said seriously to me, "that if I give a good performance at rehearsals my broadcasts are bad. This is always true, so I have refused to give good performances for musicians and sound men."

If she could once be convinced that she's talking through her hat—mind you, I'm not saying that in this case she is!—Grace would yield gracefully, and more than that, would punish herself for her obstinacy.

"When I am wrong," she admitted, "it makes me twice as angry at myself as at the people I sometimes take my anger out on. I always punish myself by going into a room alone and fighting out my battle with my own temperament. And it isn't so sweet!

"But," she added, "when somebody else is wrong, and fails to do his job, when he is really *capable* of doing it, I revolt. I want to do things right; I have a consuming desire to progress, and I expect others who work with me to feel the same way!"

Her eyes flashed as she spoke.

I've never met Grace Moore's husband, Valentin Parera, but I'd like to. Judging

Our fearless, revealing reporter, Jimmie Fidler, brings you some more uncensored, hidden facts about Hollywood. Don't miss the next in this sparkling series—in the August Radio Mirror.



Posed by Professional Models

SKINNY, WEAK RUNDOWN, PALE?

Make This Famous 1-Week Test That Has Shown Thousands of Even Naturally Skinny Folks How to Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost . . . !

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-out, sickly—unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat. Doctors now know that the fault often is not with the amount of food you eat. Your daily diet may contain enough potential nourishment of many kinds, but unless it contains certain essential minerals, your system is unable to extract full nourishment from the food you eat. The result is you may be eating enough good food to satisfy your appetite, and still not be able to gain weight or strength.

TESTS BY THOUSANDS PROVE THAT KELPAMALT:

1. Improved Appetite.
2. Improved Digestion.
3. Added at least 5 Lbs. first week.
4. Helped Bring Sounder Sleep.
5. Gave New Strength and Energy.
6. Helped Clear up Skin.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, you can get these minerals so essential to the normal chemical processes of the body in their naturally occurring form. Assimilable iron, copper, manganese, calcium, phosphorus, potassium and magnesium to bolster up the supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation, the body's weight and strength-building processes! Most important, however, is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (not to be confused with ordinary liquid chemical iodine). Iodine, scientists say, is found in the blood, liver and glands, and is vitally important to their normal functioning.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE NO-COST TEST

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for 1 week. See, if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. It costs you nothing! Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all good drug stores. Beware of imitations. Insist on the genuine. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy, and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1237, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

MOTHERS!

Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care" that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

RADIO MIRROR has been authorized to accept its readers' orders. We make no profit, and retain no part of the purchase price. Send 10c in coin or stamps to:

Reader Service Bureau,
Radio Mirror,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG



Look 10 to 15 Years Younger

5 MINUTES a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away and erases age lines. This new sensational home method *Sent on Trial—You Risk Nothing.* Lifts sagging muscles, fills up hollows. No Cosmetics.

Women, men, all ages, write today for thrilling book free and *Facial Analysis Chart Free.*

PAULINE PALMER, 1435-G Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

NURSING MOTHERS

Consult your doctor regularly. Ask about Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. Nipple, breast shaped, easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab keeps nipple germ-free. New inside valve prevents collapse.



In 5 to 10 Days...



FRECKLES DISAPPEAR like magic!

● Here's a wonderful new formula cream that removes freckles quickly but gently *while you sleep.* Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Day by day skin becomes fresher, clearer, softer. Soon freckles, along with other facial blemishes, disappear—usually in 5 to 10 days. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 37 years experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. ● Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 146, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

from what she told me about him, and from what I already knew, he must be a wise man. Because there surely can't be any greater wisdom than a willingness not to give advice when it isn't wanted.

After rehearsals and after broadcasts, Grace and Valentin retire into a corner and hold long, voluble, low-voiced conversations in Spanish. Grace listens when Valentin talks, and everybody around the studio believes she takes his advice.

ON the other hand, Grace told me herself that when she runs up against a problem she feels only she can grapple with she summarily sends him out to play tennis. And he goes! Valentin Parera must be quite a hand with a tennis racquet by this time.

If a husband can't tame Grace Moore, who can? Perhaps old Mother Nature herself? But even she has tried and failed. There was a time, last spring, when the old lady summoned up all her forces and cracked down hard on her rebellious daughter—only to retire, utterly defeated. Grace told me about it herself, and I know she was inwardly chuckling over the way she had defied Nature on her own grounds and come off scot-free.

A few weeks before her last-year's Vick's contract was to run out, Grace began having voice trouble. Sore throats developed weekly. It hurt her to sing. Vick's gave her a vacation to see what was the matter.

She was plenty scared, but game. Valentin was sympathetic and anxious to be helpful, but she sent him out to play a lot of tennis and began going to see doctors. They all said it was tonsils, but refused to take the responsibility of operating and possibly ruining her voice.

Gladys Swarthout came to the rescue, and sent her to see Claudette Colbert's husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. When he had finished looking at her throat, Dr. Pressman asked Valentin, who had come along, to leave the room. Valentin refused at first, but Grace asked him to leave, and he did. Then Dr. Pressman told her brusquely that she had an abscess on her left tonsil, that he must operate, but that he could not tell what might happen to her voice.

Of course, there was only one thing to do—submit to the operation. Afterwards, Grace and Valentin left for Palm Springs. Dr. Pressman gave her strict orders that she must not attempt to use her voice for at least three weeks, not even to talk more than was absolutely necessary. He was very grave about it, and told her frankly that he didn't know what was going to happen if she followed his orders, but he did know what would happen if she disobeyed him: she'd have no voice left!

Five days at Palm Springs dragged by. Grace couldn't stand it any longer. She sent Valentin up to Los Angeles, called in her colored maid, Anita, and sang.

When she finished: "Well," she asked, "how do I sound?"

Anita scratched her head and admitted miserably, "That sho don't sound lak you, Miss Mo'."

Then they both began to cry.

Grace knew she had strained her voice, and put in a long-distance call for Dr. Pressman. There was quite a fuss when he arrived. In no uncertain manner he told Grace Moore that her behavior in ignoring his orders was opening the gate for complete loss of her voice.

He left a very chastened and subdued prima donna behind him when he returned to Los Angeles, but in another week she'd got into the old Grace Moore stride again. She defied the fates once more! She went to a little piano teacher at the other end of town told her her name was Mrs. Parera, and asked her to play an accompaniment for her.

The piano teacher, who keeps up on her movies, recognized Grace Moore, and told all her friends about it. Just as she began to sing Grace caught sight of a face peering in from the hallway. She turned, and there was another at the window. She tried to continue, fighting against the sudden terrifying clutch at her throat.

Only squeaky, unrecognizable sounds emerged.

Grace Moore fainted.

She had at last learned her lesson—whether too late or not, she did not know. For three weeks, until she went back on the Vick's program, she did not sing a note. That was one time she really did have to whisper at rehearsal.

When she stepped to the microphone nobody knew what was going to happen—least of all Grace Moore! Purposely, she sang three of the most difficult arias in the soprano repertoire. Her voice never failed once. It was almost a miracle!

I BOW down before Grace Moore for telling me about that chapter in her life, with never an attempt to disguise the revealing sidelights it throws upon her character. It takes a real person to admit her temper, her stubbornness, her actual foolishness in disobeying orders even when it means courting disaster. You just can't do anything with a woman who can break all the rules and, by confessing it, make you like it.

That is, you can't do anything but admire her—and wish to goodness she'd get it in the neck, just once!

INSIST ON NEW Shinola White

THE 3-WAY GUARANTEED CLEANER

(READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER)



1. GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF

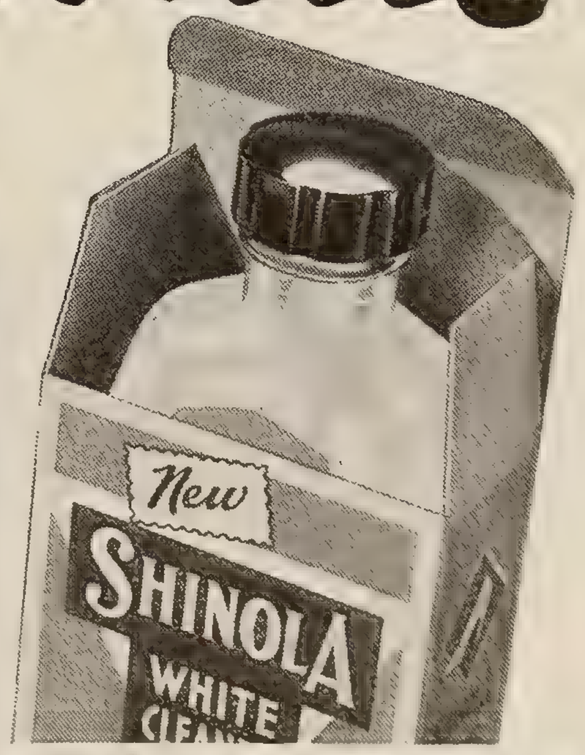
This famous guarantee made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! New Shinola is *guaranteed* not to rub off.

2. GUARANTEED TO REMOVE STAINS

Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains, that spoil the neatness of white shoes... New Shinola is *guaranteed* to remove them.

3. GUARANTEED TO WHITEN QUICKLY

See your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box newness! New Shinola is *guaranteed* to whiten shoes quickly!



DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is *guaranteed:* (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. It must delight you in every way. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES OR TUBES

10c and 25c

Wherever white cleaners are sold

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS..INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

Science now shows how
SHAVING LEGS
causes stocking runs



Micro-Photo shows wiry stubble penetrates silk stockings, causes runs.

Micro-Photo of stocking. X-Bazin leaves no wiry stubble to tear hose threads.

Runs! Runs! You seldom know how they start—but if you are a "leg shaver" runs can easily be caused by the sharp wiry hair stubbles rubbing against hose. Yet to be attractive, legs must be hairless—and they can be! Simply apply perfumed X-Bazin Cream right from the tube, spread it on lightly, then wash off—in 3 minutes skin is smooth—soft and hairless.

Insist on X-Bazin, the perfumed hair remover, and remember it's just as dainty and efficient for arms and underarms. All druggists—ten cent stores. Try it.

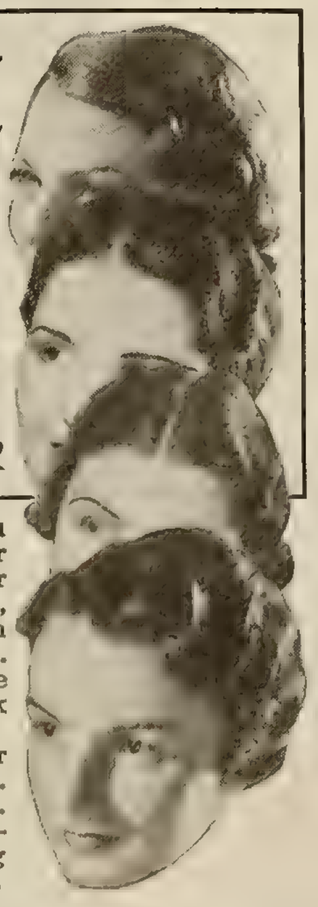
HAIRLESS LEGS ARE ATTRACTIVE LEGS



AT LAST!

All your prints in natural color. Amazingly beautiful. Roll developed, 8 natural color prints, 25c. Reprints, 3c. Fast service.
NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, C-107, Janesville, Wis.

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Daniel in the Lion's Den

(*Continued from page 35*)

takes a miracle man to hurdle.

But Woodruff has done the miracle! He has tamed the fiery flights of temperament in which film stars love to indulge. He has taught them that a Lux engagement means hard work and plenty of it. Week in and week out, he issues quiet, crisp orders that the stars meekly obey.

Sometimes Woodruff storms his way into violent tantrums. If need be, he's as suave as Adolphe Menjou. If tact is required, he seems to combine the best features of a head waiter and a diplomat. For every star, he has a new set of tactics.

Ginger Rogers presented a dilemma that would have sent most movie directors in despair to their bosses. Yet compared to some of the temperaments Woodruff has had to soothe, Ginger's was easy, a mere exercise in one-two-three.

Ginger didn't like the play she was to do for Lux, "The Curtain Rises." For that matter, neither did Woodruff, so he couldn't argue with her. But there was the play, and he had to put it on.

He reached her through her most vulnerable spot—her desire to be recognized as an actress rather than merely Fred Astaire's dancing partner. He admitted to Ginger that the play left a lot to be desired as a masterpiece of the theater, but at the same time, he pointed out what an opportunity it gave her for some difficult and artistic work as a light comedienne! The words "light comedienne" won Ginger over, and she consented to do the play. Not only did she consent, but she threw herself into the thing so wholeheartedly that what might otherwise have been a mediocre performance turned out to be a high spot of the season.

A LITTLE more finesse was necessary to overcome Claudette Colbert's deep seated objection to a line in "The Gilded Lily," which she did on Lux with Fred MacMurray. She and Fred had already done a film version of the play for Paramount and Claudette never had liked that line. In the movie she had ordered it out—and out it came. In the Lux rehearsal, she ordered it out—and out it *did not* come!

"Let's change the wording," Woodruff suggested.

"No!" replied the star.

But Woodruff painstakingly explained the necessity for retaining the line in some form. Claudette was so astonished at having any director, and especially a youthful radio director, run so flatly counter to her wishes, she agreed to have the line changed. But when the scene was re-read, "It still sounds wrong," she complained.

"I'd used the wrong approach," Woodruff admitted later. "Miss Colbert's vulnerable point is her funny bone. She has a magnificent sense of humor."

So he made her laugh. He agreed to cut the line, and started to hunt his red pencil. The line could only be cut with a red pencil—that particular red pencil. He hunted high and low, while the cast waited. Finally he gave up.

"Do you know," he admitted sheepishly, while Claudette and the rest roared with laughter, "I believe I must have left that pencil at home!"

Meanwhile the line had been forgotten—and it stayed in.

Many outbursts that are set down to stars' temperaments are really not temperament at all, but plain nervousness. Film stars who have had little or no stage experience often get extremely nervous when they face a microphone, because they realize suddenly that there can be no retakes; that the scene as played is final. Often they verge on hysteria.

Joan Crawford, for instance, went through rehearsals for "Chained" like a little major. But at the Sunday dress rehearsal, she blew up completely. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hold the script, and her knees buckled. Woodruff, always the soul of sympathy with genuine nervousness, suggested she do the part sitting down. That was no better.

Finally Joan threw the script down and declared flatly she couldn't go on; that someone else would have to play the part. But that was impossible; it was too late. Woodruff cajoled, reasoned, encouraged, all to no avail. Finally he hit upon the solution. He took her by the arm. "Come on in here," he ordered, leading her into the wings. Quickly he had another microphone set up—and from the privacy of the wings, Joan breezed through the part like a seasoned radio veteran!

NATURALLY when Jean Harlow bobbed up with the very same difficulty in "Madame Sans Gene" Woodruff thought it would be like taking candy from a baby. Hadn't he coped successfully with a similar situation before? The wing trick worked—but another harrowing problem immediately presented itself.

"It's all flat now that I'm alone," Jean objected. "I can't seem to get anything out of it but words."

Hollywood's top problem solver was, for the moment, between the devil and the deep sea. But then he hit upon the idea of describing the scene minutely, down to the color of the imaginary drapes and chairs, and giving Miss Harlow her directions as if she was on a movie set instead of in a radio studio. Then she felt at home. Probably you recall her finished performance.

That temperament is just fear was proved again when Lily Pons did "Conversation Piece." It was only after much persuasion that she even accepted the role. She had never before tried to speak English on the radio. Frank admits he was licked that time. Whatever credit is due, he passes along willingly to Andre Kostelanetz. But it was Frank who had the idea of calling in the maestro.

At rehearsal, he had Andre's New York broadcast piped into the Music Box Theater control room, and called a half hour recess while Lily listened to her fiance three thousand miles away. She felt better then, and went on with the rehearsal. Meanwhile, Andre boarded a plane for Hollywood. When he arrived, Woodruff told Lily to ask him to attend the dress rehearsal—and it was his presence and reassuring help that carried the star through that night, and on the succeeding night at the performance!

It is not generally known that at a rehearsal which occurred between the first and the dress rehearsal, Lily became hysterical and wanted to leave the program. Woodruff cleared the stage, took her to a dressing room, and soothed her so that she could go on. He gained her promise to remain by giving his own promise that Andre would direct the orchestra for her vocal numbers at the actual performance.

Not all cases of temperament arise from such excusable causes, however, as those of the Misses Crawford, Harlow, and

Pons. Now and then a star accustomed to her own way on the movie lot cannot grasp the idea that the Lux Theater is another matter altogether.

Marlene Dietrich, after snubbing the entire cast, decided that a rehearsal must be called off because she was "not in the mood."

"We haven't time to wait for 'moods' here," Woodruff snapped, and the rehearsal went on, with Marlene doing her part.

ANOTHER foreign star found that the Lux director does not wear kid gloves or pull his punches. This glamorous screen lady took a decided "Sir-do-you-realize-who-I-am" attitude. She refused to work at the same microphone with a stock radio actress. She was given another. She demanded more and more concessions—until Woodruff got downright tired of her antics. He tossed his script to the floor before her.

"I don't believe you'll do for this part," he told her icily. She flew into a rage, and used very unladylike language. Woodruff flew into a bigger and better rage. She was so surprised at being topped that she immediately subsided, and went on, a very chastened young woman.

A Woodruff tantrum, by the way, is something to watch. Take it from no less a personage than Olivia de Havilland. Olivia told me about an eruption of the Lux director quite by accident one day. She had seen one while rehearsing for "Captain Blood."

"It was magnificent. Awe inspiring. Never in all my life have I seen such wrath," she declared. "I stood before my mirror night after night for a long while trying to register anger like that."

I scented something peculiarly sinister to have caused such a monumental eruption. Inquiry revealed that there had been. It seems that Errol Flynn was playing opposite Miss de Havilland in the show, and Lily Damita, his wife, was present. Now everyone conversant with Hollywood's major domestic infelicities knows that second only to Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, Lily Damita and Errol Flynn have—well, call them spats. They were having a spat during the rehearsal.

So Woodruff erupted. His ire made the spat as innocuous as two kittens playing with a woolen string.

"An actor cannot give a good performance and battle with a wife at one and the same time," he stormed at the embattled Mr. Flynn. "Now you will please do one or the other—preferably the performance."

Woodruff was to be sorry a few weeks later that Robert Taylor, as well as Olivia de Havilland, had not been present at the Flynn-Damita outburst. The script of "Saturday's Children," in which they were appearing together called for the portrayal of a married couple emerging from the honeymoon stage with the stern realities of married life. They were supposed to be irritable, to snap at one another. But neither Bob nor Olivia knew just how to do it. Neither had had actual experience.

Woodruff dismissed the rest of the cast and kept the two stars "after school." Lying prone on the floor, they went over the script for hours. Finally Woodruff became irritable. He yelled at Taylor; snapped at Olivia. Suddenly he sprung to his feet.

"There you are!" he cried. "That's what we're after. Imitate me."

"Bob was taking himself too seriously," he commented afterward. "Like many young actors anxious to prove they are not merely matinée idols, he had a tendency to overact. The lines which were supposed to sound indifferent and irritable sounded instead like someone about to commit murder. However, he is still one of the best radio bets in Hollywood. His voice is as romantic in timber as his appearance on the screen, and all he needs is a sense of humor."

Offhand, you'd think Woodruff himself must have been a great actor had he ever essayed a Thespian career. Yet he wasn't. To put it bluntly—the way he himself puts it—he was a flop. He even didn't make a go of touring vaudeville houses as assistant to a magician, nursing pet rabbits to be pulled out of hats and things like that.

But he did pursue relentlessly and unwaveringly a career in the theater. When he found he wasn't cut out for an actor, he decided perhaps he'd make a director.

THAT was because I never seemed able to mind my own business," he explains.

So he went abroad and studied. Then he returned and studied some more at the Yale dramatic school. He studied every phase of the theater. Today he could be a stage electrician. He could make the wigs for a costume play. He could design the settings. He could take over the carpenter's job, or the property man's.

And he can direct radio shows.

If you don't believe that, walk down Hollywood Boulevard. Stop the first male you see wearing a beret and a camel hair coat, or the first female you encounter wearing grease paint. Ask them. They'll tell you—for all Hollywood knows Frank Woodruff the star tamer.



Stockings flatter you—and they don't cost much this way . . .

Most everyone agrees—men especially—that even the most gorgeous legs look lovelier in sleek, sheer stockings. Why try to save money at the expense of your looks when it's so easy to save with Lux . . . Lux preserves the elasticity silk has when new. Then stockings can *give* under strain instead of breaking into embarrassing runs so often. Many ordinary soaps contain harmful alkali that weakens elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali . . . makes stockings last longer, look lovelier, fit more sleekly.

Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



If an ugly, broken out skin makes *you* unpopular, and you're tormented also by the itchy, stinging soreness—you owe it to yourself to try Resinol Soap and Ointment before giving up hope of relief.

For more than 40 years the bland medication of Resinol has been found effective in the external treatment of common skin outbreaks. It soothes the irritated oil ducts where most surface pimples start and helps nature heal these red, disfiguring spots.

Resinol Soap is a ready aid to Resinol Ointment because it cleanses so well, yet is gentle enough for the tenderest skin. Resinol products at all druggists. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 2-D, Baltimore, Md.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

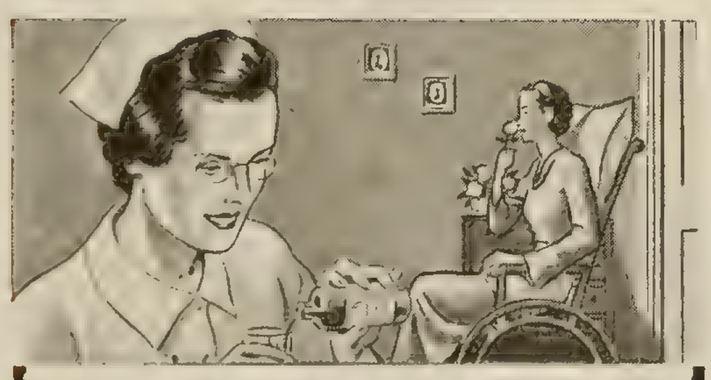
BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book. "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 774-H, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s



MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $32-$35 A WEEK

● "THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 38 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments.

Decide *now* to send for "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 187, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

City_____ State_____ Age____

Why?

(*Continued from page* 19)

personality to take him away from Show Boat. Lanny's last Show Boat broadcast will occur within the next few weeks. Then he will be free to satisfy one—or all—of the other ambitions which have been his for so many months. Already he has started negotiating with a Hollywood film company, and the probability is that he will make a picture this summer.

Secret conferences were carried on early this spring between Lanny and representatives of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. No one knows what their results were, but their purpose was to star Lanny in a mammoth Broadway musical like "The Great Waltz" and "White Horse Inn."

It's certain that Lanny will be back on the air in the fall, but it is also certain that whatever program secures him for its star will be widely different from Show Boat. It will have room in it for some of the more serious songs Lanny wants to sing as well as for the familiar or popular melodies he has sung so well on Show Boat. And there will be no attempt to cast him in the role of master of ceremonies. He hasn't enjoyed his master of ceremonies job during the last few months, and you can't blame him. It isn't exactly fair to ask a man to introduce his own tenor solos.

THE last reason for Lanny's desertion of Show Boat is inextricably tied up with the fate of the beloved old craft herself. For Show Boat's old Cap'n Henry is coming back on board!

That's Why Show Boat is going to Hollywood!

It's an open radio secret that for the past year Show Boat has had its seams caulked, its decks holystoned, its engines overhauled, its crew changed, endlessly and continuously—and that nothing has done any good. Never, since Cap'n Henry left, has Show Boat been the glamorous, exciting program it used to be when he was its star. The program directors did everything they could—they changed leading ladies and then they changed plots; and finally they threw both leading ladies and plots overboard entirely, changing the program to a straight variety show, with Lanny as master of ceremonies introducing famous guest stars.

No good. Lanny's romantic singing appeal was, perhaps, lost in a role which made him uncomfortable; and in becoming a variety program competing with all the other variety programs on the air, Show Boat had deliberately thrown away the quality which had made it unique and delightful.

There was only one thing to be done—go back to the old days and recapture the old sparkle and listener appeal. Bring back Cap'n Henry—that was the important first step. Everything that will happen to Show Boat late this spring hinges on that one decision.

Charlie Winninger is in Hollywood, and wants to stay there, so when he rejoins the program it will originate in the movie capital. Not that the Show Boat directors were reluctant to change the broadcast point from New York to Hollywood. Of late years it has become a radio belief that

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in August RADIO MIRROR

No Matter What Your Age No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair Cheat You



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: **"You are getting old!"** To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 447, 544 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.



This Beautiful Lifelike PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. Indestructible! Waterproof!

SEND NO MONEY! **48c** (Hand-tinted 25c extra)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. M6, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher



LEARN AT HOME to play by *note*, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet or any other instrument. Wonderful improved method. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 3067 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids



DR. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Druggists now have a scientific doctor's prescription called Cystex for these troubles. Helps nature in 48 hours. Guaranteed to fix you up in 8 days, stimulate vigor and make you feel years younger or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

a move to Hollywood peps up a sagging program and gives it new life.

A few months ago it would have been impossible to persuade Charlie Winninger to rejoin Show Boat. It isn't generally known that when he quit the program three years ago he did so largely because of his differences of opinion with two men who were then prominent in its production and direction. One of these men left Show Boat shortly after Winninger did, the other last winter. Because I know Winninger's belief that his ideas differ from theirs so greatly that it would be impossible for him to work with them, I am sure he would never have returned while they were concerned with the program.

DO you see how the decision to bring back Cap'n Henry made it impossible for Lanny to stay on the show, even if he had wanted to? Since Cap'n Henry left, Lanny has become a star. He couldn't step down from stardom to the supporting role he used to hold.

Show Boat isn't the only program that must undergo a radical change. One of radio's finest jesters has announced that he will not return to his old program in the fall. He has told intimate friends that he hopes never to return, to any program.

Fred Allen's decision to retire from radio comes just as he has set his foot upon the peak of his profession. It comes at the end of a steady climb in popularity of his program, Town Hall Tonight. His relations with his sponsors are perfectly friendly.

Why, then, is he leaving radio?

To anyone who knows Fred Allen at all, one reason comes at once to mind. Though it is not the only reason, it is an important one. For some years, Fred's health has not been good, and its condition can be traced, in a large degree, to upset nerves.

Radio is the last place in the world for a nervous man. Everyone who has ever had anything to do with the nerve-racking business of preparing a script every week, rehearsing it, cutting it, getting it past the studio censors, and seeing that it goes on the air in perfect, smooth-running form, knows this.

A weekly turn in a broadcasting studio, particularly a comedy turn, can change a mild case of jitters into an upset stomach, a galloping headache, shooting pains in the back, and chronic insomnia. This is not exaggeration, but sober fact. The microphone becomes an ever-present menace in a sensitive and conscientious star's mind, haunting him until he never has a moment's peace from worrying about his next program.

Until this year, Fred has always been able to take a long, restful vacation in the summer and return to the studios refreshed and ready to cope with the drain upon his strength the winter of broadcasting would bring with it.

But this summer he is under contract to act in a picture for 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood. There were two things he could do: return to his program in the fall, without his vacation, or ask his sponsors to do without him until the first of the year.

He chose to do neither. It didn't seem fair to Fred to ask his sponsors to hold his program open for him until he was ready to return, filling in with substitute talent in the meanwhile. From their point of view, he knew it would be much better for them to build a complete new show. That is why he explained his position to them, and announced he wasn't contemplating signing a new contract.

There are other reasons for his decision. Few people know that one of Fred's ambitions is to write for the stage, but it's a fact. He would like to spend the next year doing nothing but study play-writing, and at the end of that time, try his hand at concocting a Broadway success.

The financial problem, fortunately, presents no difficulties. It's ironical that radio, to which Fred has given all his energy for the last five years, has left him no time to spend the money he earned from it. He has actually had no time to travel, buy cars or homes, go to night clubs, or do any of the things which eat up money. The result is that he has enough saved to make retirement and a play-writing gamble possible, even without the money he will earn from his picture work this summer.

He would like to have time to make more movies, too, when he feels like it. There won't be many of them, because he doesn't intend to act in them except when he wants to, and when he likes a script.

SO radio stands to lose a genius—for that is exactly what Fred Allen is, one of the great comic spirits of modern times. The air waves won't be as bright without him; but what radio loses the stage will gain, if he goes ahead with his play-writing plans. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that Fred could write plays that would keep the world laughing for years. There's just one doubt that haunts me. Will Fred, when fall comes and he's feeling good again, be able to resist a new contract calling for a big raise in salary? I could make money if I knew.

Rebellion, revolution, change—they're in the spring breezes. Yet behind each sudden upset, when you understand it, there is a reason.



Posed by professional model

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS OF GIRLS WHO HAVE NO SEX APPEAL



THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK, WITH IRONIZED YEAST

BUT BEWARE OF THE MANY SUBSTITUTES FOR THIS TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL FORMULA. BE SURE YOU GET GENUINE IRONIZED YEAST.

THERE'S no use shutting our eyes to the fact that "sex appeal"—an attractive, well-developed figure with all its feminine allure—is a big contributing part to a girl's happiness and success. And here's a new easy treatment that has given thousands of skinny, scrawny girls 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh, pleasing normal curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Furthermore it has brought naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, loads of new friends and good times.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported English ale yeast. This special ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets. And these little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands to gain long-wished-for pounds—quick!

Make this money-back test

If you, too, need these elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See natural beauty come. Soon you feel like a different person, with new pep, charm and personality.

If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't let anyone sell you a substitute.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.

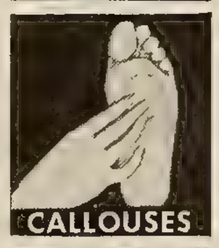
CORNS
LIFT OUT WITH EASE



Pain INSTANTLY Relieved!

Remove your corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, and then *keep* rid of them. It's easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads alone on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most grateful relief imaginable—*instantly*. Put them on tender toes caused by friction or pressure of new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns *before* they can develop.









Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Easy to apply. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Goodbye **FRECKLES**

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles."



50¢

free BOOKLET SEND COUPON OR POST CARD

THE STILLMAN COMPANY
Box 201 Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
Name.....
Address.....

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

What's New?

(*Continued from page 5*)

mount on the air, and the show got under way with everybody feeling very happy, except the people on the program. They had to be at the studio at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, which is enough to make anybody unhappy.

The show stayed on the air five weeks, sagging badly after the first, and when daylight saving time in New York came along everybody concerned sighed with relief and took the hour's difference in time as a good excuse to call the whole thing off. It all seemed to prove one thing: movie producers know how to make good movies, radio producers know how to make good radio programs, and never the twain shall meet.

* * *

ANOTHER disappointment will bow its way meekly off the airwaves late in June—Helen Broderick's and Victor Moore's Twin Stars program. It should have been one of the bright spots of the week, with two such talented comedians as Helen and Victor, but—it just never was. Script writers were called in by the handful to provide new funny situations and gags, but their best efforts fell flat. It's really too bad.

* * *

DO you suppose it's safe for other movie actors to let Fibber McGee and Molly come to Hollywood and go to work in their first movie, "This Way, Please," on the Paramount lot? Both Fibber and Molly are so versatile and can imitate so many different characters, that Paramount is really getting twenty-four actors for the price of two. Which ought to come under the heading of unfairness to organized movie actors, so many of whom go on playing the same old part in picture after picture.

* * *

PITY the Columbia Broadcasting System. They want to build a big new office and studio in New York. They need it badly. They even have the site picked out, on Park Avenue. It would be nice, they figure, to have the building completed by 1939, when New York will throw a world's fair. But they can't okay the plans because nobody knows how much room they'll need. If shows keep on moving to Hollywood, the New York building won't require many studios. Contrariwise, if the movie companies decide once and for all they don't want their stars on the air, all the shows will scurry back to New York, and CBS will need acres of studios. Not having any little crystal ball into which they can peer and see the future, the CBS executives don't know what to do.

* * *

IT isn't likely that you'll hear Sheila Barrett on the Vallee program again for a long, long time. There was a little matter of crossed wires, mixed dates, or absent-mindedness a few Thursdays ago. Rudy Vallee had sent out the news that Sheila was to be on his program, just as Kate Smith began spreading the word that Sheila was to be on her show—same night, same hour, different network, different sponsor.

The Vallee agency said that couldn't be, because Sheila had an agreement to appear exclusively for them. The Smith agency countered by showing a contract, signed, sealed, and delivered. Sheila wound up on the Smith program, and now there is a distinct coolness cast in the Barrett direction by the Vallee forces. Seems it was largely a misunderstanding. Sheila hadn't had time to prepare a new act for Vallee Varieties, and sort of took it for granted they wouldn't want her without new material.

* * *

WHO said Babe Ruth would never feel at home in front of a microphone? He's broadcasting now, twice a week on CBS, and to watch him you'd think he had grown up slinging words instead of baseball bats. He even has his own pet method of tuning up his voice before a broadcast. He takes a drink of Bromo-Seltzer and says it works fine. The Babe admitted to me that he sometimes has an almost ungovernable desire to get out on the diamond again and knock out a couple of home runs for the customers. "But," he declared, "I've definitely retired. My legs won't stand the game any more."

Retired or not, Babe still knows his baseball, and has definite opinions about it. As early as the start of the season he'd picked the pennant winners, and broadcast his choices on his program. In case you missed hearing that particular broadcast, here they are: New York Yankees to win the American League championship, St. Louis Cardinals to win the National League championship; Yankees to win the World's series.

* * *

GOOD news for Tony Wons fans is that after an illness of more than a year he will make a radio comeback next fall. Time was when Tony and his Scrapbook combined to make one of the air's star attractions. Then he dropped out of sight, showed up briefly on a midwestern station, and disappeared again. The explanation, which none of his old microphone friends knew, was that he was suffering from the recurrence of a throat ailment which he contracted during services in the World War. Now his doctor says he is well enough to return, and that's exactly what he'll try to do in a few months. Network sponsors, please note on your calendars.

* * *

THE sweetest case of sponsor-co-operation we ever heard of came to light with the announcement that Kate Smith would change sponsors when she returns from her vacation in September. Just so you and I won't have to get used to listening to Kate at a different time and on a different network, her old sponsor and her new one went into a huddle, with the result that A. & P. agreed to let General Foods, Kate's new bosses, take over the eight o'clock spot Thursday nights on CBS.

* * *

THERE'S one little racket in radio that could bloom nowhere else. Few are the stars who haven't had it tried on them at least once. Here's the way it operates. The most favorable time for the racketeer is late at night, after a repeat broadcast. He hangs around outside the studio until he sees an important star come out. Then he rushes up, explains that he is Mr. Montmorency Blank, assistant production man of the agency which handles the star's program, and says that he's short of cash and needs the fare out to his home in some distant Long

Island or New Jersey town.

The star doesn't recognize either the face or the name, but the big agencies have so many men connected with them he can't be sure. And he doesn't want to offend anybody in the agency because, after all, the agency is his boss. So he usually comes across with the "loan," even though he's morally certain he'll never see Mr. Montmorency Blank again. Lanny Ross was saved from being victimized in this way only the other evening by the opportune arrival of a bona-fide agency man.

* * *

ONE person whose head can't be turned by sudden success is Ray Heatherton. He's been all through this fame business once too often. Ray's career began when Paul Whiteman heard him sing at a party and gave him a job on the Old Gold program. That was when Ray was seventeen and in high school. The job came his way so easily he naturally thought all jobs came that way.

When his Old Gold contract ran out, Ray wasn't worrying, because he thought he'd arrived. Instead, he couldn't find another job anywhere, couldn't even get anybody to audition him. He went to work for the telephone company to make a living while he tried to break into radio again. At last he succeeded, to the extent of a sustaining series on NBC.

He worked harder on that program than he had ever worked before in his life. It was the first step on a long, slow climb which finally landed him in a secure radio position and a leading role in the hit Broadway musical show, "Babes in Arms." The day after "Babes in Arms" opened a scout from every movie company in Hollywood was on his doorstep, offering Ray screen tests. Ray didn't go crazy over this, his second big success. The first one evaporated so fast he can't be sure this one won't do likewise. And the last time I saw him he was busy auditioning for another commercial radio program, and worrying for fear he wouldn't get it.

* * *

VITAL statistics: Helen Jackson is the first of Kay Thompson's Rhythm Girls to follow her boss' lead and take unto herself a husband. Kay, you know, was married a few months ago to Jack Jenney. Now Helen is the bride of Art Millett, announcer on the General Mills and East and Dumke program. She isn't going to quit her job, however . . . Paul Douglas, celebrating his acquisition of the Chesterfield daily sports program, broadcast over CBS every night except Sunday at 6:35, is a bridegroom. The other half is a girl who isn't connected with radio at all, except by marriage . . . Lucy Monroe will remain off the air for another month or so, resting up in an effort to recover from the recent shock of her mother's tragic death. No doubt you read about it in the newspapers. Radio Row's unanimous sympathy went out to Lucy, and when she returns she can be sure of plenty of friends to welcome her.

* * *

IT'S not only a nice, friendly gesture on Jack Benny's part to take Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, his script writers, with him on his European jaunt this summer, it's a good way of insuring another top-notch Benny season next year, as well. Jack is modestly aware that the comedy material Bill and Ed have written for him has been responsible for much of his popularity, and he doesn't want to take any chances of losing them by going away and letting them wander around Hollywood unattended.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Cannot rot dresses, cannot irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—keeps armpits dry and odorless, saves dresses from perspiration stains and offensive odor.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.





39¢ a jar

At drug and dept. stores

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products Inc., 56 Park Place, New York, N.Y.

Skin Itch Kills Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other irritations resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing **Peterson's Ointment.** 35c at all druggists. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful, too, for tired itchy feet and cracks between toes. Write for **FREE SAMPLE** to Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. JF-5 , Buffalo, N.Y.

Try the NEW

IRIS

NO-CHAFE SANITARY NAPKINS

12 for 15c

For Sale ONLY AT WOOLWORTH'S STORES

Blondes With Darkened Hair!



Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with FREE RINSE, for sale at all stores. New size at all 10c counters.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE



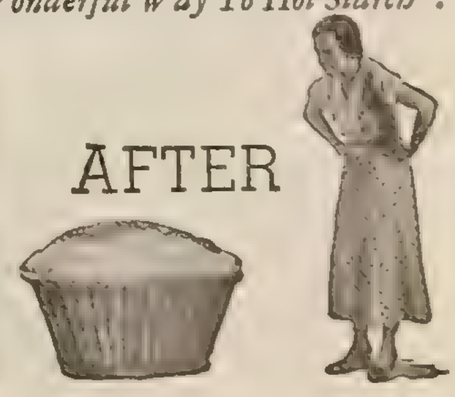
BEFORE



We hope this message may bring for you the decision *now* to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 400, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for *"That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".*



AFTER





When Emotions are stirred . . .

At thrilling, intimate moments . . . when emotions are stirred—that's when perspiration glands are most active—body odor becomes noticeable.

Be sure to use DEW—the deodorant that *remains effective* under all circumstances . . . doesn't let you down at those exciting times when complete daintiness means romance.

DEW stops perspiration instantly, thoroughly . . . DEW gives you *lasting* protection against under-arm moisture; guards gowns from injurious, unsightly stains.

Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. Costs no more than usual deodorants. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.



DEW
DEODORANT
Non Perspirant

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.



REMOVE HAIR without razor, liquid paste or powder 25c

Baby Touch Hair Remover, is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Safisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each, 3 for $1.00.

BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.
2321 Olive. St. Louis, Mo.



SKIN Beauty WITH Mercolized Wax

● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(*Continued from page 23*)

years old. Well, she isn't the sponsor's daughter, but answers to the name of Eileen Barton. Papa Barton showed me "Jolly's" birth certificate to prove that she's only ten, and he's mailing photostatic copies of the certificate to all doubting Thomases who write. Already, those who are hard to convince are hinting the certificate is just a publicity stunt, but I assure you that "Jolly" doesn't look more than ten.

* * *

FRED WARING is making a picture for Warner Brothers for which he will be paid $160,000—the biggest price ever paid a band for a film. Fred wanted $200,000 but he was laughed down $40,000. Paul Whiteman must burn when he thinks how much less than $160,000 he got for "The King of Jazz."

* * *

THE spectre of television has this town in the shivers. No matter where I go, it is the topic of conversation—at Lakeside Golf Club, Brown Derby, Trocadero.

Well might the movie greats shiver in their timbers, because regardless of these scoffers who say television is ten years away, it really is not more than two years away. And when it comes, who can tell what it will do to the motion picture industry? Right today theater owners are howling to the high heavens about the inroads radio has made into business. All those empty seats in theaters, claim the owners, are due to folks sitting home listening to Jack Benny and Fred Allen and Bing Crosby. I might here add that the theaters are simply packed on Tuesday nights, when Fidler broadcasts. At any rate, if theater owners howl now, how much more will they howl when television takes one hundred per cent entertainment (sound and sight) right into people's homes?

Television is going to demand perfection for the first time in the history of the drama. The stage does not demand it, because the audience is too far from the actor to see whether he mugs or cannot use his face to express himself. On the stage, voice and pantomime are vital. The screen does not demand perfect acting, because an imperfect scene may be remade. Radio requires less talent than any, because only the voice counts, and performers read scripts. But television will combine stage, radio, and screen. It will bring the actor close to the audience, therefore his facial expressions must be right. It will bring his voice, as does radio. But it will mean an end to reading scripts, therefore it will mean that an actor must not only have the appearance and voice, but he must be able to go through his program with memorized lines.

Now do you see why the spectre of television hangs over Hollywood? Easy times will go, and tedious work will come, when television arrives.

* * *

THE candid camera, which doesn't need the word "flattery" to describe what it does to the world's great, has been invading the NBC Studios in Hollywood, so you'll soon be seeing such microphone colossals as Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Marion Talley, and even Fred Astaire in action before the mike. NBC expected a few blowups from temperamental ether stars, but the cry for candid art made them brave the possible wrath of the gods and goddesses. Strangely, though, there



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

Amazing, New, Popular PICTORIAL RING



Marvelous new secret process! Any photo or picture reproduced, permanently on exquisite gem-like ring. A priceless keepsake! Guaranteed! Sample ring from any photo you send only . . . . . 59¢

SEND NO MONEY—Everyone wants PICTURE RING. Show ring—take orders—make money! Just send photo with strip of paper trimmed so ends meet around finger for size. Pay postman only 59c, plus few cents postage. Photo returned with ring. Money back if not delighted. Order NOW!

PICTORIAL RING CO., Dept. AA-31, Cincinnati, O.

ITCH

••STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.••

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

ELECTRICITY

"LEARN BY DOING" 12 weeks training



Send Coupon for Details of My "Pay After Graduation Plan"

My Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—to start in the growing field of Electricity, by actual shopwork on real electrical machinery—not by books or correspondence. Amazing plan enables many to get training first . . . then take 18 Months to pay in small monthly payments starting 5 Months from date you start school. Experience or advanced education not needed. Many Earn While Learning. Free lifetime employment service. Diesel Engines, Electric Refrigeration and Air Conditioning instruction included. MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK and all Facts.

H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 87-64, Chicago, Ill.
Send Big Free Book with facts on Coyne training and tell me about your "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.
NAME_____ AGE_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER



SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at dept. and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER



"Dark-Eyes," 2115 S. Crawford Ave., Dept. 31-G, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name.....*Town*.....
Address.....*State*.....

Now Ready . . .

Radio Mirror Readers' Special Edition of—

Ida Bailey Allen's New Cook Book

MRS. SIMPSON, Food Editor of RADIO MIRROR, asks us to tell you that at last she has found the cook book for which you and she have so long been searching. From the thousands of letters she receives Mrs. Simpson knows, as no one else can, exactly the sort of cook book her RADIO MIRROR readers need and want. When we saw the book she had selected we knew she was right, and immediately we ordered a special edition printed for RADIO MIRROR.

Here are a few of the special features:

196 PAGES FOR 20c

Bound in a stiff, board cover, printed on better quality paper with larger open spaced type; easy to read at a glance.

THUMBNAIL INDEX

Special Index allows turning immediately to any desired recipe or table without hunting page numbers, or searching the table of contents.

HUNDREDS OF RECIPES—
But Not Just Another Recipe Book

This volume is far more than a mere collection of dishes. Here's just some of the valuable instruction it contains:

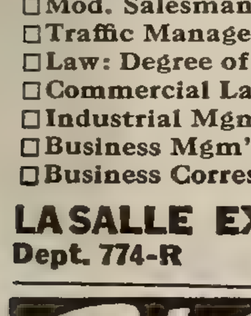
How to Measure
Correct Temperatures for All Types of Cooking
Correct Serving for All Courses
Diet Instruction
Meal Planning
Cooking Terms and Expressions

YOUR GUIDE TO REAL ECONOMY

The 20c cost of this book will be returned to you a thousand fold as you follow the marketing advice it contains.

ONLY 20c *Postage Prepaid*

Enclose stamps or coins (wrap carefully).
Address: MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON
RADIO MIRROR
205 E. 42nd Street *New York City*



IF YOU HAVE

GRAY HAIR

and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....

then write today for my

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES. Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24. LOWELL. MASS.

Home-Study Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. **Free 64-Page Books Tell How.** Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Mod. Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Law: Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Mgm't
- ☐ Business Mgm't
- ☐ Business Corres.
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenotypy

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 774-R **Chicago**

BLONDES



More Fascinating With

FAIR SKIN

HAVE IT IN ONE WEEK! Blondes . . . brunettes . . . don't let dull, blemished, freckled skin ruin charm! Gentle **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme** . . . removes dull film, surface freckles and pimples, blackheads almost overnight! Gives you clear, flawless, younger looking, alluring skin. At any drug or department store . . . or send 50c to **Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. K-295, Paris, Tenn.**

were no squawks from the big ones, but a group of fiddle players and one announcer felt the presence of a candid camera pointed at them interfered with their art—AND SAID SO.

* * *

SUDDEN wealth that has come to the gal Al Jolson calls "Moutha" Raye, promises to give her indigestion from fur wraps. Furs to Martha are as hard to resist as a candy display to a child. A year ago Martha was "singing for her supper" in night clubs, and now that her weekly earnings have hit four figures, she's gone on a fur-buying jag. With summer coming on, Martha's going to have to find a new yen.

* * *

EDDIE CANTOR is responsible for a feud among the special delivery boys at the Hollywood postoffice. Entries in Eddie's contest to select a name for Helen Troy, hizzoner's gum-chewing telephone operator, kept on coming in by the bushel, and among these were a hundred or more special delivery letters each day. Cantor has four places where he gets his mail—the studio where he makes pictures, KNX, the Texaco headquarters, and at his home. Letters in the contest came addressed to "the Mayor of Texaco Town, Hollywood." These could be delivered to any one of four zones served by different delivery boys and each boy, eager for the nine cents per letter fee paid for delivery, launched a hot fight for his individual rights. Uncle Sam finally had to turn Solomon and rule that the Cantor specials should be split four ways, each delivery boy getting his share.

* * *

LUM and Abner may break down and take a try at pictures and if they do I predict that the man who will have much to do with tuning out their objection to screen work will be Frank Lloyd, one of Hollywood's ace directors. Lloyd is a Lum and Abner fan and he met the boys in the NBC Studios after he had made a guest appearance on Elza Schallert's program. The talk swung to pictures and I overheard the boys tell Lloyd an idea he outlined to them for a picture debut sounded good. I know these two Arkansas chaps are happier now than ever before. They came to California, not to get into pictures, but to end working nights. The difference between Central and Pacific time makes their broadcasts fall so that they have their evenings free for doing what other folks, with leisure after dark, do. The same reasons apply to the shift of Amos 'n' Andy from Chicago to California.

* * *

WHEN Don Wilson waddled off the train in Los Angeles after a trip east with Jack Benny, he carried a broad grin. "Boy, am I glad to be back!" he greeted friends at the station. During the handshaking he felt a paper in his hand and one glance at it wiped the grin off Don's face. He had accepted a summons on an "overlooked" traffic citation.

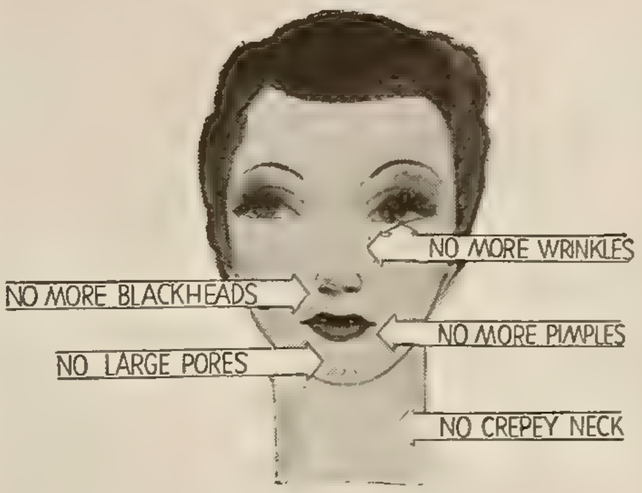
* * *

AL JOLSON'S air programs are born on his ranch at Encino. Gag men, writers and players gather 'round Al's swimming pool, dive in often, and every once in a while come up with an idea. Al would like to broadcast from the ranch, too, but his weekly flesh-and-blood audience would put too much wear and tear on the Jolson habitat.

* * *

THOSE who think Bing Crosby's academic style is just a pose to impress his air fans are wrong. Big words are as natural to Bing as they are to a dictionary, and have been ever since he was studying at Gonzaga. You can take my word for it, Bing doesn't use thirty-five

French Treatment Beautifies Women From 16 to 60



Free: **Booklet Tells You What to Do for Wrinkles, Pimples, Enlarged Pores and HOW TO REGAIN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.**

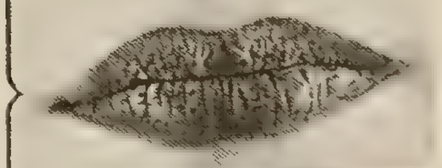
LOOK OUT . . . those wrinkles, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind, **SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT,** based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results. They call it a "Face Lifting without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads." Send your name and address **TODAY** and you will receive **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a booklet telling all about this new treatment. Calmas Products, Dept. 36-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

BE A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE

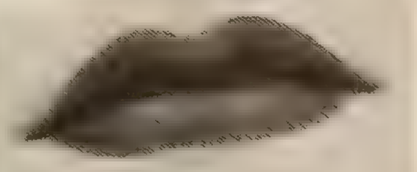
Study at home—train the "Pierce Way." Home Study Course and 6-months Practical HOSPITAL Course for resident students. Write for free book. PIERCE SCHOOL ENDORSED BY AMERICAN TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

PIERCE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING
702 West 17th St. *Secretary* C-21, Los Angeles, Calif.

HOW OLD IS YOUR MOUTH?



5 YEARS YOUNGER





● Give your lips the freshness of youth! Use Cutex Lipstick, with its special oil that helps make your lips look smoother, softer—5 years younger! In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try Cutex Lipstick today!

50¢ CUTEX *Lipstick*



ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

3 for $1.00



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1547H CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CUT

YOST'S OLIVE OIL CLEANSING CREAM and your COMPLEXION

A remarkable beauty aid in obtaining a lovely SUN TAN. Contains combined cleansing and beautifying qualities. Packed in STERILIZED JARS only. Mail this ad and be convinced.

YOST'S 532 N. Hazel St., Allentown, Penna.

Enclosed find 10c for which please send me a trial size jar of Olive Oil Cleansing Cream together with more information on obtaining a lovelier complexion. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name _____

Address _____

CUT

cent words just to impress. Why, they are so much a part of the crooner's usual conversation that he even uses them on his twins—and he knows what the words mean, too.

* * *

AIR fans of the Sunday night Community Sing hour may join in the songs but the boys and girls who pack the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood to see the program can't be depended upon to do more than just see—and laugh. Sometimes Wendell Hall's best efforts haven't been productive of much enthusiasm, so the producers put aces up their sleeves. They spot fifty lusty voices through the crowd and pay them $10 per night, just to make sure the mike brings you plenty of song.

* * *

VIA WIRE—Reports you may have heard about Bobby Breen leaving Eddie Cantor are not without basis: Bobby's contract with Eddie runs until June, when the program melts for the summer. Meanwhile, overtures have been made for Breen to star in his own show. While Cantor takes a fatherly interest in this young protege, he is not Bobby's manager, does not handle his money, and also, Eddie never stands in the way of one of his discoveries who has a chance to move up. So it should not be a surprise if Bobby sings his farewell to Cantor on the final program in June . . . At this writing, there are hot rumors that Dick Powell has been signed for Show Boat. Dick tells me the story is untrue. He is the center of a brilliant one-hour show that has been built by Trans-American, which is owned by Warner Brothers. I will be surprised if this show is sold this summer, but I will be even more surprised if it fails to land with a big sponsor next fall. . . "All the Lads," who went on their own when the old maestro closed his Cocoanut Grove engagement in Los Angeles, have found new homes with other orchestras. Ben Bernie retained only five of his old bandsmen, and around this quintet he has woven a new unit for radio . . . Answering about a million inquiries, Rudy Vallee will soon quit calling New York his home, and transfer his affections to Hollywood. He has already okayed plans for his new estate among the film colonists . . .

Richard Himber, who is having sponsor trouble, is flirting with several Radio and night club offers. He may do a turn at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles . . . Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner and other CBS toppers took their steam shovels in hand April 27 to break ground for the new CBS studio in Hollywood . . . NBC has taken an option on ten acres for another Hollywood Radio Center, which will be equipped for telecasting . . . Nelson Eddy has been tagged at $5,000 a week as singing emcee for the new Chase & Sanborn show starting August 8th . . . Benny Goodman's Swing Band will broadcast from the Palomar in the Hollywood area when Ted Fio Rito bows out of that spot in June.

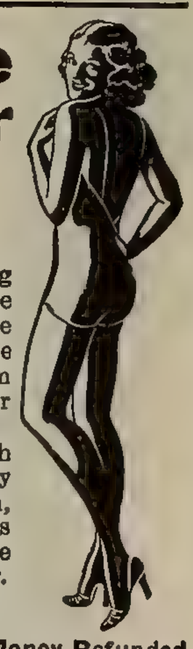
Be Yourself!

(*Continued from page 45*)

Uncle Ezra's; yes, changed the lives of everyone on the show, even to smiling Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies.

Joe has been an actor for many years, but he's been "Joe Kelly" for only a very few months. And like the old sage's prediction that "A little child shall lead them," it was a little child who showed Joe the way to real happiness and the key to his present radio success. While handling a children's funny paper broadcast some months ago Joe conducted an

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair
IN 3 MINUTES
Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth



Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.



Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

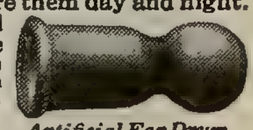
De Miracle

Special Now $1.00 Size..... **67c** $2.00 Size Now $1.33
At All Drug and Department Stores

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

EXPERT COOKING ADVICE FROM IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Through special arrangement with Ida Bailey Allen's publishers, I, as food editor of Radio Mirror, can offer my readers her best-selling 196-page Service Cook Book for 20c.

Send stamps or coins to:

Mrs. Margaret Simpson,
Radio Mirror,
205 E. 42nd St., New York City







Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Old Leg Trouble

Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe the cause of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co.
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ITCHING Skin
RELIEVED IN RECORD TIME

NOW you don't have to writhe, squirm and suffer the itching torture of rashes, eczema, pimples, Athlete's Foot, Poison Ivy or similar skin irritations. Hydrosal offers you blessed relief. Itching stops instantly. Smarting disappears. Redness vanishes. Promotes healing. Used by doctors. Ask your druggist for Hydrosal . . . Liquid or Ointment . . . 30c and 60c. **USE** Hydrosal Soap . . . mildly medicated. Contains skin Vitamin F. Purifies and soothes the most sensitive skins.

Hydrosal



LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR the NEW CREAM WAY

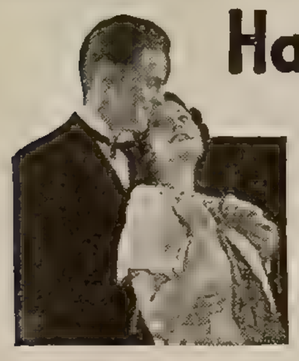
As Little or as Much as You Want—Safely—Quickly!
Not a Drug-Store Liquid!

Lechler's Lightning Hair Lightener is an amazing product; an antiseptic, white, creamy paste. It has many advantages over liquid preparations. You can use it to lighten the roots and scalp only. Cannot run to the ends of the hair like a liquid. Can't make the hair lifeless, dry or brittle. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. Can not streak or over-bleach. Actually **Beneficial to bleached hair and permanents.** Used by famous stage and screen beauties for over 20 years. Harmless—guaranteed. Mailed complete with application brush for only $1

FREE With first order—36-page booklet "THE NEW ART OF LIGHTENING HAIR"

LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC.
560 Broadway, Dept. A, New York, N. Y.

Would You Like to be Happily Married



Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's pyschology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS. Dept. 325 G, St. Louis. Mo.

amateur contest one Saturday morning for the children. But just before going on the air, he cast a critical eye over his group of juvenile entertainers; took one look and threw away the script. For every one of those children had stage fright almost to the point of complete paralyzation, and Joe knew it was the time for original measures.

So as the first little girl, with trembling feet, stepped up to the microphone, Joe caught her off her guard.

"Say," he exclaimed with a smile, "that's a beautiful little dress you have on!"

It took the tiny tot a few seconds to realize this nice fat man was referring to her "new" dress, the one Grandma had made for her. But after that pause there was no holding her. She told him all about it, with the sparkling effervescence of her age. Breathless, her conversation studded with "Do you know's," and accentuated with Joe's astonished "You don't say's," she was the hit of the broadcast. But she made a bigger hit in the heart of Joe Kelly. Her simple, wholehearted naturalness showed him the secret of radio. He cast off, in the ensuing months, all the staginess of show business, and, a short while later, he became the ideal announcer and master of ceremonies for the National Barn Dance.

Pat Barrett, who, as Uncle Ezra, is the star of the show, learned to be himself long before the program went on the air, long before there was a radio when, as a very young actor back in 1911, he paid his admision price to see David Warfield in "The Music Master." Young Pat had a revelation that night. He saw the dawn of a new era in the theater. Schooled in the old repertoire companies, where actors posed and gestured, where the audience hissed the villain and cheered the hero, Pat sat enthralled to see a master and a pioneer dare to step out on the stage and live his part, to make his characterization human and alive.

After creating his now famous character of Uncle Ezra, which he has portrayed for over twenty years on the stage and radio, Pat never forgot this lesson. Today, some people might call him an actor but if you could have sat with me in his dressing room you would know that Pat Barrett, as Uncle Ezra, is being no one but himself. Pat and I talked while he changed clothes and put on his make-up. It is so gradual, that change, the whiskers, the old cut-away coat, the wig, the glasses—that it almost surprises you when it is completed. Suddenly you realize that no longer are you talking to Pat Barrett; you are listening for the witty aphorisms of old Uncle Ezra. For with the simple act of putting on his make-up, Pat really becomes Uncle Ezra. When he goes on the air he's not acting. He's living, he's natural, and he's being himself.

Henry Burr, too, has long been just himself, and the story of his joining the cast of the Barn Dance goes back many years. It includes the height of success and the emptiness of failure. It is the story of a man who grimly stuck to a lot of old fashioned ideas because he believed in them.

During the period when Victor records afforded the only popular music in the American home, Henry Burr was their outstanding artist. Over three million copies of his recordings were sold, his voice being heard all over the world.

But with the perfection of radio the phonograph was out dated, and apparently the golden voice unusual singing style of Henry Burr were forgotten as well. At any rate radio officials forgot him, if some of his recording audience

(*Continued on page 87*)



The surest way to please your baby at mealtime is to feed him Heinz Strained Foods! Try them yourself. You're bound to like their natural color—prefer their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks the country's finest vegetables and fruits scientifically, with dry steam, in sealed kettles. Thus their valuable vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree—cooked *in*, never out! Your grocer has 12 kinds of Heinz Strained Foods. You'll pay no premium for their *extra* quality!

Guard your baby's health—look for these two Safety Seals...

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods 57

HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK

Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.



• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

Good Housekeeping Institute

For that extra touch

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK



● THE TRUE, GRIPPING STORY OF ONE GIRL'S ENTRANCE INTO MARRIAGE

"The man I had just sworn to love placed a wedding ring on my finger and took me in his arms. His lips reached my lips and succeeded in brushing my cheek as I turned and began to sob. Tears ran down my face because I was frightened, although the friends and relatives who crowded the church thought I wept with joy."

Thus begins "Why My Honeymoon Was Tragic", the starkly honest and vividly illuminating story of a girl whose marriage was nearly ruined by the malign influences of puritanism and emotional poisoning that surrounded her girlhood. Told graphically and dramatically in her own words, it will grip you from the very beginning.

Not only a great story but because of its intimately revealing nature, a great life lesson, it may easily save thousands of other girls and young women the anguish and heartache that this girl endured before she discovered her solution to the problem of happy marriage. By all means begin it today in the big July issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE now on sale!

● ● ● ● ● ●

No matter what your personal problem may be, PHYSICAL CULTURE, the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of PHYSICAL CULTURE for July.

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers' Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn by Amram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.



This young gentleman is an ideal example of the Physical Culture baby.



JULY

Physical Culture

Get your copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE *today at any newsstand or use the introductory offer coupon.*

Macfadden Publications, Inc. RM-7-37
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive Physical Culture magazine for 5 issues beginning with the July issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(*Continued from page 85*)

did not. He seemed to have been outdistanced by crooners.

In the years that followed Henry Burr tried vainly to find a place for himself in radio. Too many auditions ended with the same story. He was told his singing was out of date, asked why didn't he croon a little, put in a couple of boo boo pa doos? But just a little stubbornly, he would always refuse.

A few years ago a friend persuaded him to audition for the National Barn Dance, and Henry Burr, who had then retired from professional life, reluctantly consented.

He sang that day as he sings now, as he has always sung—wholehearted, masculine singing, deep and rich and joyous. And when he went on the air he kept on singing that way. Now, in his second year with the Barn Dance, never a day passes that Henry Burr's mail box isn't filled with letters, letters from people all over the country who 'remember.'

It may not sound plausible to say that the famous Hoosier Hot Shots, with their washboard, their bull fiddle, and their individuality, have ever been anything else but themselves, but there was a time when sadly it was true.

Fresh from the farm, the boys started out more than fourteen years ago, doing just what they are doing today—being themselves. But after a rapid rise to the top they broke up their partnership to start out separately, each one with the firm conviction he was going to be terrific in a tuxedo and a stiff shirt.

What made it harder later on, was that they were a success. Each made good on his own, Hezzie Ken, Frank, Gabe; each went out, put a board in his spine, plastered grease in his hair, climbed into a dress suit and made good.

When talking pictures came in, and vaudeville, small orchestra, and musicals went out, the Hoosier Hot Shots, from the four corners of the United States, came back together again. But this time it was different—they were more reserved and sophisticated; their music was all dressed up, rural rhythm trying to be citified.

During their audition for the Barn Dance, they made one mistake, and that mistake, now famous, brought them success. It was good old Hezzie's fault. He, as usual, was fooling around with his washboard and horns, making eyes at the girls, and generally not paying any attention to what was going on. So with the producer waiting in the booth, the boys turned with exasperation.

"Are you ready, Hezzie?"

He was, and to prove it he turned around and immediately started off with a toot-toot, and a rub-a-dub-dub. The rest of the boys, trying to catch up with Hezzie, forgot to be reserved, forgot to be dignified, and, automatically reverting to their true selves, pitched notes gayly hither and yon in a wild dash for the finish.

Later four very puzzled young gentlemen marched back to their hotel, sat thoughtfully on the bed, pulled out a long-term contract, and started to figure how the devil they'd got it. They didn't know then, but they do know now. "Are you ready, Hezzie?" has started off every one of their broadcasts, everyone of their recordings. And on the day when they started with the Barn Dance, and determined never to be anything else but themselves, the old clothes man could have picked up four slightly used tuxedos at a mighty rare bargin.

Little Sally Foster, who has risen from obscurity to stardom on the Barn Dance, had to learn this first valuable lesson which is the byword of the show. She had to learn to be herself.

When she auditioned for the program, about a year ago, she was just a naive little country girl with many misconceptions about the show business. Having traveled on the road with a second rate barn dance unit, playing four and five a day through small towns of the Middle West, she felt she was an accomplished "hill-billy" artist, twang and all.

As she sang her first song the producer winced with pain to hear a beautiful girl with a naturally beautiful voice, forcing herself to groan like a lone prairie warbler. He stopped her almost as soon as she started.

"Wait," he interrupted, "that's not what I want at all. I want you to relax, forget all about Blue Ridge Mountaineers, be yourself, and sing!"

It took months of patient work and training before she could understand that people might even be slightly interested in just plain Sally Foster, who used to live on Elm Street in Milwaukee. Today, she is rapidly rising to the top, but she remains unchanged and unspoiled. She has been trained to be just herself, and she is still a little mystified that it should pay such big dividends.

So it has been with every member of the show. As the Maple City Four put it, "When you're four fellows like us, you can't be anything else but yourself. Heck, we ain't actors, and we sing for two reasons; cause we like to sing, and cause we hate to work."

It is only natural that the boisterous rural comedy and songs of the barn dance should be supplied by Lulu Belle and Scotty, who, in private life, are Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman. Their love story was one studded with hardships and disappointments, and they attained their present success only after they, too, had learned the lesson which every Barn Dance star knows so well.

Lulu Belle was born and raised in the little town of Boone, North Carolina, and Scotty was born and raised 'just over the ridge,' in the neighboring town of Ingalls. Living as children not ten miles apart in the Carolina hills, they were brought up with the same background, but were destined not to meet until many years later, in the reception offices of the NBC studios in Chicago.

There sat Scotty, who thought he was one of these highbrow announcers, and wasn't. Next to him sat Lulu Belle, who was under the impression she was a concert singer, and wasn't. As they waited to be told there was "nothing open," Lulu Belle muttered something about wishing she'd never left Boone, North Carolina. That gave Scotty his cue to get acquainted, and he more than took advantage of it. A few months later they were married.

There was only one thing to mar their early married happiness. As Scotty put it, "We never had any privacy. The wolf moved in, bag and baggage, and stayed all winter!"

It was only after they got sick and tired of being broke, fed up with posing as something they weren't, that they suddenly realized how blind they'd been. All those old folk songs they'd known and sung as children, why not sing those on the air? Why not relax and be themselves? This sudden turn about face brought them instant recognition and a rapid rise to stardom.

Talking to Bill Jones, who produces and directs the Barn Dance, I realized that he, too, knows the secret of the show's success, and that it has been forcefully brought home to him in his personal life.

A few years ago Mr. Jones was a young



Rinse Off Unwanted Hair

avoid bristly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way — easy, sure, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Re-growth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.





"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand,

Couldn't even Lie Down!

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there's nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

RESULTS!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories.

Comfy Baby!

THANKS TO HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER!



MOTHER, nothing will keep your baby so cool and happy, so free from chafing, as Z.B.T. *Olive Oil* Baby Powder. The olive oil makes Z.B.T. smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "slip"—makes it more effective for diaper rash, prickly heat and skin irritations. Free from zinc stearate, Z. B. T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE
send postcard to Z.B.T., Dept. F-4,
80 Varick Street, New York City.

Z.B.T.
Olive Oil
BABY POWDER

BEFORE **HAIR** AFTER





KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body with maximum speed, without harm to the skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. Price $1.95, complete. Postpaid or C.O.D.
CANFIELD CO., 3-A, 2675 Broadway, New York

BLEMISHED SKIN! PIMPLES ACNE BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN ETC.



MADE UNNECESSARY BY NEW OXYGENIC TREATMENT

Why not enjoy the many advantages of a clear complexion

Hundreds have banished these troubles this amazing, simple way! **DERMOX** is the new oxygenic skin treatment . . . not a cosmetic, but a scientific formula . . . have purging oxygen released right in your pores! Costs only 25c per treatment.

FREE! Complete brochure of this Revolutionary Treatment. Send Name, Address—NO MONEY!

HIGHLAND PHARMACEUTICALS
705 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

WILL YOUR *Eyes thrill Him?*



***NEW SECRET OF* CLEAR EYES**

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins . . . or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE Good Housekeeping Bureau

ambitious producer. His accomplishments at that date, although few, were the last word in sophistication. To look at him you'd never guess that he was a home grown product, an ex-country boy from a small Illinois farm. And when he came to Chicago as the new director of the National Barn Dance he was inwardly a little ashamed that he, who had produced only the highest type of entertainment—symphony programs, classical music, and sophisticated dialogue—should be producing a barn dance.

That was nearly four years ago. Today our Mr. Jones is just Bill, a regular guy who takes his coat off and rolls up his sleeves when he goes to work. It didn't take the Barn Dance long to snap him out of his drawing room complex, to make him realize that down deep inside he was still akin to the soil, a country boy at heart.

"There's something about working on the show," he confessed, cocking his feet up on the desk, "that takes all the superficialities out of a guy. For one thing, there is no pre-broadcast nervousness on the Barn Dance, because a person is only nervous when he's worried about a possible mistake. On the Barn Dance a boner is only good for an all around laugh, so everybody just relaxes and has a darn good time."

So the Barn Dance also taught its director to be himself, blended his desire to produce a polished, high class program, with his boyhood love of the simple things in life, making the barn dance show you listen to today, a hayloft party that uses symphonic musicians to play "Turkey in the Straw," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" and other old favorites.

"We don't put on a 'hill-billy' show," Bill explained, "never have and never will. The goal we strive for is to present the simple songs, like those of Stephen Foster, but to prepare them as skilfully as if they were a Brahm's symphony." And to this end they have assembled one of the finest groups of musicians on the air today.

In its eleven-piece string orchestra are two former first violinists from the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and three former violinists from the Metropolitan Opera Company. The pianist, John Brown, was formerly with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, accompanying such stars as Lucy Gates, Francis Ingram, and Hazel Eden, while the musical director for the show, Walter Steindal, has for many years been conductor of the famous spring concert of Singverein.

All these, to play music for a Barn Dance.

To step backstage at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago where they broadcast is to walk into an old fashioned barn dance not only in fact, but in spirit. You see, not a formal gathering of stiff shirts and evening gowns, but rather all the old gang you knew back home. In overalls and gingham they're as unpretentious as the good old kitchen sink, yet master artists all. You listen, not to names, but to people, people you know. And in their humanness lies their greatness, in their simplicity will be found their showmanship. Small wonder they have enjoyed national popularity for nearly ten years. The soil has been close to the American people for many times ten years, and the National Barn Dance, its roots planted deep in that soil, will continue on, long after other programs more lofty have faded to hazy obscurity.

The Strange Way Bob Burns Found His Son

(*Continued from page* 40)

After that the day was perfect. He played on the beach all morning, and at noon Bob bought him hot dogs and ice cream, and afterwards they drove around some more. For the first time in his life —there were so many first times today!— he actually talked to his father as man to man, telling him what he thought of things and people, asking him questions and getting sensible, masculine answers. He can be forgiven, it seems to me, for failing to see that sometimes his father didn't answer him at once, and that sometimes he turned away his face.

ALL day long Bob Burns tried to find courage to tell his son that the mother he adored was dead—and all day long he failed. He saw, now, that he and his son were almost strangers, certainly no more than acquaintances; and a stranger has no right to break such bad news. All the boy's life he had looked to his mother for advice, comradeship, help. Bob, Sr., had believed his responsibility was ended when he paid the bills. Now he saw he'd been wrong. He didn't know his own son —the one person left for him to love.

Late in the afternoon, just at sunset, he stopped the car on the summit of Mt. Lowe. Clumsily, he said what he had to say. He watched horrified disbelief change to grief on the boy's face; he saw the tears welling-up—and in a flash of intuition which proved he was already learning to know his son, he said, "Don't cry, Bob. I'm in the same boat you are. We'll just have to look after each other."

Young Bob set his jaw. He did not cry.

Right after the funeral, old Bob and young Bob went up to Lew Ayres' cabin at Big Bear. They stayed there a week, and when they came back they were friends. They were a very different pair from the two who had set forth so somberly seven days before; they knew they had only each other to depend on.

If, before his wife's death, Bob had always lightly waved aside every responsibility of paternity except the financial one, it was because he hadn't realized what he was throwing away. Now everything is changed. His son comes first.

"That boy will always be a responsibility to me." he told me a week or so ago, when I was talking to him about this story, "but he'll never be a problem. I'll never have a moment's worry over him, except to make him enjoy himself. He knows what it is to be without money, so he can't realize we have enough now and that he can spend more."

As far back as the boy can remember, the Burns family always had what they called a "change drawer," filled—whenever it was possible—with coins to pay the paper carriers, milkmen, and so forth. Bob used to go to the drawer every day for lunch money. He could take as much as he needed, but he always knew he must never take more than that.

Not long ago he wanted to go to a carnival with some friends, and Bob gave him a dollar. He looked at it a while: then shook his head and handed it back. "No, thanks," he said. "I'd better take my own money and then I won't spend so much."

One day the boy lost his glasses. Bob grumbled a little, but he bought a new pair. A few days later the boy laid these down somewhere and stepped on them. Bob bought a third pair—and a week later a baseball hit young Bob in the eye and broke these glasses, too.

He was afraid to tell his father. He was conscious that glasses cost money and that he was being sinfully wasteful. And in fact, when he did confess, Bob's first impulse was to grow angry. Then he remembered.

When he himself was a boy, back in Van Buren, his father had never permitted an argument. Mr. Burns was always right, because he was older; it was inconceivable to him that a little boy could have any sensible ideas. Once Bob had nearly cut the tip of his finger off. It dangled there like the flap of an envelope; and he still has the scar. He bandaged it up and said nothing, but during the night it began to throb and he went into his parents' room, scared and unhappy. His father, without looking at the finger, said, "You're making a big hullabaloo about a little cut. Why, I could cut my whole hand off and never cry."

Bob, in his pain and fright, said, "Aw, that's what *you* say!" And his father, in a sudden burst of anger at his impudence, tried to slap him. Bob ducked and ran —and kept on running. He didn't go back to Van Buren for two years.

The memory of this stemmed his irritation over the broken glasses, and he realized that the important thing was not the glasses at all, but the fear in Bob's face when he confessed.

LISTEN, son," he said, "when you lose your glasses or break them carelessly like you did those other two pairs, I don't like it much. But when you break them playing, that's something you can't help. To show you how much I care about those glasses. I'll make a date with you. Every afternoon about sundown, when it's getting too dark to play, you and I will go up on a hill and watch the sun set. Just about the time it goes down I'll take a rock and break your glasses. Then you can say to yourself, 'I might as well have broken them playing because now they're broken anyhow.'

It was one of the few times Bob has ever kissed his father.

The boy has never forgotten what his father said, up there on the summit of Mt. Lowe. "I guess we'll just have to look after each other." Young Bob is carrying out his part of the bargain. He worries about old Bob and his work as much as if he were the father.

Since Bob began writing a daily newspaper column, he is busy all week long, and seldom goes out of the house at night. But because the boy knows his father is under a severe nervous strain on Thursdays, the day of his Kraft Music Hall broadcast, he insists that after the broadcast Bob must go out and enjoy himself. That's his night out, and young Bob complains if he comes home too early.

Theirs is a beautiful relationship, one seldom possible under ordinary circumstances between boy and man. It would not be possible for them, except that each feels the need to make up to the other for that which both have lost.

And yet—not quite lost. There is something of Betty Burns still in that modest little bungalow, for they are living as she would have wished them to.

There is only one other thing to tell. It explains why there is no picture of Bob Burns, Jr., to go with this story. Betty Burns always wanted to keep herself and the boy in the background, and in the first days of Bob's radio success she steadily refused to allow the publication of any pictures of either of them. Perhaps I could have persuaded Bob, now that she is dead, to let me have a picture of the boy. But I didn't want to. He is carrying out her wishes in so many things. Let him carry them out in this, too.



FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT
Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

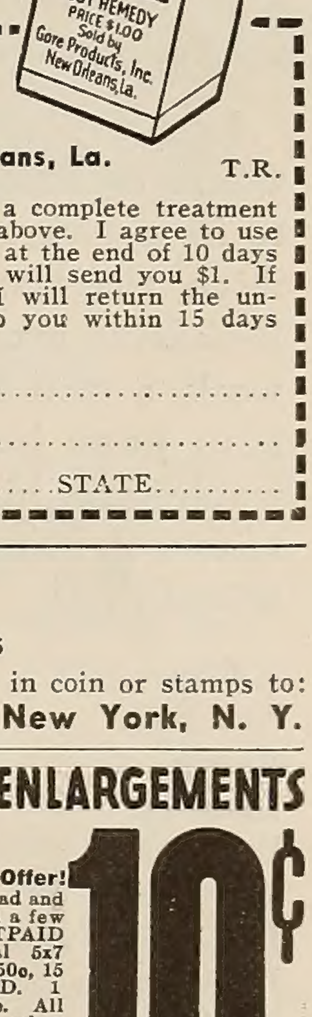
Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

812 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. T.R.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

"Infant Care"—10c

U. S. Government Official Handbook For Mothers

We are authorized by the proper Federal Bureau to accept your order. Send 10c in coin or stamps to:
READER SERVICE BUREAU, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

CORNS REMOVED WITH PREPARATION CONTAINING CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to risky razors, and corn-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protecting film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely safe. Contains six ingredients including camphor, iodine, castor oil. 35¢ bottle saves untold misery. Druggists refund money if it fails. NOXACORN

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS 10¢



Amazing Introductory Offer! Mail us 3 films with this ad and 25c coin (no stamps); in a few days you will receive POSTPAID 3 Beautiful Professional 5x7 inch enlargements; 7 for 50c, 15 for $1; ALL POSTPAID. 1 for 10c, plus 5c postage. All films returned. Canadian orders accepted.
F7 UNIQUE ART SERVICE
260 E. 138th St. N. Y. C.

to the Ladies

Enjoy a Weekly Chat With Princess Alexandra Kropotkin!



Millions of women read Princess Kropotkin's page "To The Ladies" every week in Liberty—wait impatiently for this "complete woman's magazine in miniature." A thumbnail sketch of an interesting person—a choice bit of gossip—a new and intriguing recipe—an unusual fact—a touch of spontaneous humor—an amusing or pathetic little story—a suggestion for some interesting reading—an intimate bit of fashion news—salty comment on the doings of royalty—all in a single page, reading time five minutes—brilliant, sophisticated, enticing. Get a copy of Liberty today and try it for yourself. You will love it!

Liberty 5c
OUT NOW

TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	Station	Local Time
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EDT
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EDT
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EDT
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EDT
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	7:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	7:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	7:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	7:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	7:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MDT
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MDT
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PDT
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PDT
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PDT
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PDT
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PDT
*Cincinnati	WLW	6:30 PM EDT

*Sunday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS

Every FRIDAY Night

Beauty's Place in the Sun

(*Continued from page 50*)

sun-bathing is a cult and beauty is a byword. That's why I went to some of the loveliest girls in radio, who spend their leisure hours in the sunshine of the California beaches, for their summer beauty secrets.

Joy Hodges, for instance, the charming vocalist on the Joe Penner air show, has a word of caution to offer. She warns: "Unless I'm going through the very early stages of tanning (by which I mean a daily sun-shower of no more than five to fifteen minutes), I try to wear a cap or some sort of bandanna over my hair. The California sun is usually too intense to risk drying out the scalp with an overdose of ultra-violet rays. I'd be very grateful to anyone who'd create a hair-preparation that would act as a sort of protective covering. So far, I've found a slight dampening with chilled olive oil, just before going to the beach, is rather effective. Still, a scented oil of some sort would be more fun to use."

PENNY GILL, "secretary" to Prexy Jack Oakie of radio's mythical Oakie College, urges the tan-seeker to do her sun-bathing near a convenient shelter of some sort so that, at the first danger-signal of too-reddened skin, milady can scoot for cover. "Another thing," she adds, "don't have so much of a lark romping around on the sand that you forget what a strain the sun's glare may be on your eyes. If you've got to that grand stage of tan where you've just the right permanent bronze for you, don't get too brave. Sun glasses are so easily available, why not take advantage of their defense against the reflected glare from white sand or wave tips, if you're going to spend a whole day at the beach?"

Not everyone can achieve that "permanent bronze." To tell the truth, it's darned unbecoming to some of us. For instance, the person with too-pale eyes should avoid a too-deep tan just as assiduously as the girl whose delicate skin can't stand too much "weathering." Of great importance, also, are the reliable remedies for preventing or removing freckles. For all these purposes, there are preparations to protect the skin and permit plenty of playtime on the beach without attempting to achieve a rich mahogany coloring. Most of us, however, like Martha Raye, can afford to use the splendid oils and lotions which allow the sun's rays to affect the coloring of our complexions without injuring the texture.

"What are my do's and don'ts about acquiring a suntan?" Martha repeated. "I haven't anything but do's! I like sun any time and all the time, and I take my brother's word for it that women look more attractive even when they're a bit too red from scampering about in the sun! Plenty of oil so that the skin doesn't scorch, and you can be one of those gals who can take her sun or leave it alone. Personally, I take it."

Lately, she's been able to combine her fun-in-the-sun with her work on Al Jolson's broadcast series, since Al decided to remodel the Junior Jolson's nursery and make a rehearsal room of it. As the weather grows warmer, they'll undoubtedly have open-air rehearsals on Al's lovely estate.

It was Gertrude Niesen who brought up one very important matter. She firmly believes that a place in the sun is the only right one for any girl who wants to look her best during warm weather, but no one realizes better than she how hard it is for the city girl to find that place in the sun.

"It's easy enough," she observed, "for the girls who are in Hollywood the year around to get their proper shade of tan, whether it's the pale coppery shade becoming to blonde types or the deeper amber tones for the brunette, but what about the young lady who is a 'city child'?

"I was a New Yorker long enough to realize the difficulties of living in town through the summer and yet attaining the healthy bronze that has become almost universally popular. Those of us in a position to make use of a sun-roof of our own, of course, have the easy way out. But, at that, there's more to this sunning process than just lazing around in the open."

Gertrude advises the aspiring sun-worshipper to experiment with several different types of cosmetic oils before deciding which one is best for your individual skin texture. All four of these sun-wise girls agreed that there were two fundamental rules to follow in exposing yourself to the sun: Use your beach oil generously, and be sure to start out gradually, spending a longer period in the sunlight each time.

"Even if it's only fifteen minutes a day," says Gertrude, "get out and get under the sun somewhere and somehow every day, not just every time you happen to think of it. There are many clubs in New York, and other cities, equipped with sun-roofs. Ordinarily they are available at a modest rate, and really Old Sol can be just as warm and health-giving on top of a roof as he is on a sandy beach!"

Unless you live in a summer paradise the whole year 'round, you'll probably take a real hot weather vacation. Would you like to know what new beauty preparations to take with you? There are fully equipped beach bags, other gay ones without fittings, new shades in cosmetics and nail polishes, the latest developments in summer colognes and soothing oils—and, perhaps most interesting of all, an effective waterproof cream to cover up blemishes, either permanent or temporary. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request for the summer beauty leaflet, to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, *122 East 42nd Street, New York City.*



Katherine Parkhurst, winsome British singer, left D'Oyly Carte Opera Company to seek American radio success.

for Your BABY

OFFICIAL
U. S. GOVERNMENT BOOK



Doris Day

"INFANT CARE" is the best book for mothers that the U. S. Government, with its limitless resources and the co-operation of America's greatest child specialists, can produce for you.

Five outstanding American medical authorities on child health, in consultation with the experts of the Federal Children's Bureau, collaborated in the preparation of "Infant Care".

Easy to use as a daily instruction book; invaluable in emergencies. Nine page index affords instant, easy reference for your problem. Generously illustrated with pictures, charts and diagrams.

ONLY 10c

Send your order for "Infant Care" at once. Use the coupon below. Radio Mirror retains no part of the payment, makes no profit; your order and payment are forwarded to the proper authorities in Washington.

SUBJECTS COVERED

How to Register Birth
How Baby Should Grow
Baby at Twelve Months
Training of Baby
Forming Life Habits
Exercising Baby
About Crying
Sunbaths and Play
Protection Against Disease
Clothing Needed
Bathing Baby
Care of Teeth, Nose, Eyes
Breaking Bad Habits
Meals for Baby
Nursing Instructions
Control of Breast Milk
Weaning
Feeding of Solid Foods
Early Signs of Illness
Care of Sick Baby
Traveling With Baby
Selected Parents' Books

RADIO MIRROR'S OWN SPECIAL EDITION
IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S NEW COOK BOOK



Especially Selected

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of RADIO MIRROR, has arranged for a special Radio Mirror edition of this best selling cook book by America's most famous authority.



Not Just Another Recipe Book

Though approximately 1,000 recipes are given, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is far more than a mere collection of dishes. Get the world's most expert advice on:

CORRECT SERVING
MEAL PLANNING
DIET HINTS
COOKING TERMS
BAKING TEMPERATURES
OVEN COOKERY
ROASTING
DEEP FAT FRYING

196 Pages

Stiff Cover, good quality paper, large, open-spaced type make the book easy to read at a glance.

Thumb-nail Type Index

Especially suited for use on kitchen table without time-wasting search of table of contents or hunting for page numbers.

Only 20c Post Paid

You will get your money back a thousand fold, as you follow Ida Bailey Allen's marketing advice.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Reader Service Bureau,
Radio Mirror,
205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Check below the book you desire. If you want both books, enclose total of 30 cents.

☐ 10c enclosed herewith for "Infant Care"

☐ 20c enclosed herewith for Ida Bailey Allen's Service Cook Book.

Send stamps or currency, carefully wrapped.

Name .....

Address .....

– refreshing mildness
– better taste
all the way

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

Chesterfield
Wins

Copyright 1937, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.